THE MELVIN MEMORIAL

JAMES C. MELVIN,
88 CLINTON ST.,
BOSTON, MASS.

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With the compliments of

the surviving brother

Daniel Chester French Sculp.

Mourning Victory

From the Melvin Memorial

THE MELVIN MEMORIAL

SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY
CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

A Brother's Tribute

EXERCISES AT DEDICATION
JUNE 16, 1909

Alfred Seelye Roe ed

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" Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rights adorn'd,
Forever honor'd, and forever mourn'd."

Iliad.

PREFACE

Occasionally a dream is realized. That a lad in his teens, his soul filled with love for his brothers, sorrow for their untimely deaths, and admiration for their daring and devotion, should in visions see a fitting monument to their memory is not so strange, but that he, in his later manhood, should be able to see his dream take tangible form is almost marvelous. Then, too, comes another happy feature in that he is able to summon to the dedication of his tribute the old companions of the "early fallen," those who knew his brothers when all were replete with life and energy, and they alone, with unstudied word, devote the memorial to its solemn mission. They are neither great scholars nor writers of note, but their expressions of memory and love come bright from their recollections of more than forty years.

It has been said that no equal area in the world contains so many graves of famous people of letters as does that burial-ground, known as the "Sleepy Hollow" of Concord. It is a fact that were all the dwellers there simultaneously to respond to the resurrection-call, Thoreau would be within easy conversing distance from Hawthorne and Emerson, and all could readily talk with the Alcotts, the father and his still more noted

daughters, while a minute's walk would carry the entire group to the enclosure where now reposes the mortality of Samuel Hoar and his far wider-known sons, E. Rockwood and George Frisbie. Well worn are the paths leading to the last resting-places of these men and women of world-wide repute, and worthy, indeed, must be the memorial which will in any degree divide with them the interest of visitors. It would seem that an addition had been made to the shrines of the Cemetery, and the pilgrims who resort thither already ask for the "Mourning Victory" who maintains sleepless vigils over her sacred trust. When the brother sought a sculptor who could embody in marble the thought which had crowded his brain for many a weary year, fortunate was he in finding him in the person of his old associate and friend, Daniel Chester French, himself a Concord boy and man, whose Minute Man of 1775 had, in one brief day, written the name of the artist high on the scroll of fame. Entering into the mind and heart of the loving kinsman, he gives to the clay and marble an embodiment which even the untaught at once recognize as a life-like realization of man's love for man and reverence for his manly virtues. Though the dead do not appear in solid form, yet every beholder is conscious that Victory ever sees the "Embattled Farmer," whether he stands by the "rude bridge which arched the flood," or on hospital cot, in the battle-front or in starving stockade, almost a century later, he gives his life for country.

While a generation intervenes between the figure by the riverside and that which holds its solemn trust in Sleepy Hollow, and though the touch of the great artist is seen in many a labor elsewhere, even he must grant that all other work, however beautiful, lacks the soul which home and heart have imparted to his earliest and his latest. To paint the lily has ever been deemed the severest of tasks, yet even this, our artist, inspired by friendship and appreciation of the true and the beautiful, has accomplished in that his chisel and genius have added new interest to the home of the dead in Concord.

ALFRED S. ROE, *Editor.*

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From the Melvin Memorial by Daniel Chester French.
Reproduced from the original clay model (reversed).

The Melvin Memorial, Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord, Mass. 1
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This was used by Bugler J. Payson Bradley, who sounded the charge June 16, 1864, in the battle before Petersburg, Va., in which Asa H. Melvin was killed. It was also used by Col. J. Payson Bradley to sound taps June 16, 1909, at the dedication of the Melvin Memorial. The same cord is on the bugle now (1910) that was used during the war.

From a photograph by N. L. Stebbins.

THE "PINE-BEMURMURED RIDGE"

From the poem, read by James Russell Lowell, at the Centennial of the Fight at Concord Bridge, April 19, 1775. The title refers to that part of "Sleepy Hollow" where rest Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Emerson.

FREEDOM

" Why cometh she hither to-day
To this low village of the plain
Far from the Present's loud highway,
From Trade's cool heart and seething brain?
Why cometh she? She was not far away.
Since the soul touched it, not in vain,
With pathos of immortal gain,
'T is here her fondest memories stay.
She loves yon pine-bemurmured ridge
Where now our broad-browed poet sleeps,
Dear to both Englands; near him he
Who wore the ring of Canace;
But most her heart to rapture leaps
Where stood that era-parting bridge,
O'er which, with footfall still as dew,
The Old Time passed into the New;
Where, as your stealthy river creeps,
He whispers to his listening weeds
Tales of sublimest homespun deeds.
Here English law and English thought
'Gainst the self-will of England fought;
And here were men (coequal with their fate),
Who did great things, unconscious they were great."

The Melvin Memorial Steps

Hollow Cemetery, Concord, Mass.

APR 28 1917

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THE MELVIN MEMORIAL

By Transfer
APR 28 1917

MEMORIAL

The Memorial which Mr. James C. Melvin has caused to be erected in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord, Mass., to his three brothers, — Asa Heald Melvin, John Heald Melvin, and Samuel Melvin, sons of Asa [1] and Caroline [2] (Heald) Melvin — who, enlisting as private soldiers in the United States service in the Civil War, had died either in battle, hospital, or Rebel prison, was dedicated on Wednesday, June 16, 1909, the anniversary of the charge at Petersburg in which one of the three was killed. Although nearly forty-five years had elapsed since the close of the war, eighty-eight members of the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, the regiment of which the three brothers whose services were commemorated had been members, responded to Mr. Melvin's invitation to dedicate the Memorial. They were escorted to and from the cemetery by twenty of the twenty-five surviving members of Old Concord Post, No. 180, G. A. R.

The Memorial, which is the work of Daniel Chester French, the sculptor of the Minute Man at the Old North Bridge, and a life-long friend of Mr. Melvin, is in the general style of the Italian Renaissance. It

[1] 1804–1858. [2] 1810–1863.

consists of a central shaft about twenty feet in height resting on a platform twenty-five feet by eight feet, with retaining walls on the back and sides. At either end is a seat, and steps extending entirely across the front afford access to the platform. The whole is executed in Knoxville marble. The central shaft, of which the upper ten or twelve feet form a monolith, has carved upon it, in relief and intaglio, a female figure seven feet in height, representing a mourning Victory, enveloped in the American flag. The right hand lifts the folds of the flag, revealing the head and the body of the figure, while the left, outstretched, holds a laurel branch. The head is inclined somewhat downward, with eyes downcast, as if watching over the three tablets inserted in the floor of the monument. The tablets are of dark slate, six feet by three feet, set side by side, and bear the names, dates, and places of death, in bronze letters, of the three men they commemorate. A musket and wreath in bronze are inlaid in each tablet, occupying the space above the inscription.

Upon the central shaft is inscribed the following: —

IN MEMORY OF THREE BROTHERS BORN IN CONCORD WHO AS PRIVATE SOLDIERS GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE WAR TO SAVE THE COUNTRY THIS MEMORIAL IS PLACED HERE BY THEIR SURVIVING BROTHER, HIMSELF A PRIVATE SOLDIER IN THE SAME WAR

"I WITH UNCOVERED HEAD
SALUTE THE SACRED DEAD
WHO WENT AND WHO RETURN NOT"

And the inscriptions upon the tablets read:—

ASA HEALD MELVIN	JOHN HEALD MELVIN	SAMUEL MELVIN
KILLED	DIED IN A	TAKEN PRISONER AT
IN BATTLE BEFORE	MILITARY HOSPITAL	HARRIS'S FARM, VA.
PETERSBURG, VA.	AT	MAY 19, 1864
JUNE 16, 1864	FORT ALBANY, VA.	DIED AT
	OCTOBER 13	ANDERSONVILLE, GA.
	1863	SEPTEMBER, 1864

MEMBERS OF COMPANY K, FIRST MASSACHUSETTS HEAVY ARTILLERY

DEDICATION

Colonel J. Payson Bradley was in general charge of the arrangements for the day, and Lieutenant Peter D. Smith, on behalf of the President of the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery Association, took charge of the programme at the Memorial; both Comrades are veterans of the regiment, and Past Commanders of the Department of Massachusetts, G. A. R. The ceremony of dedication was performed by the Heavy Artillery, whose members reached Concord at 9.52 A. M. in two special cars from Boston, and were taken in barges to the armory of Company I, Sixth Massachusetts Infantry, the headquarters of Old Concord Post, on Walden Street. At the entrance to the armory two members of Company I, Sixth Infantry, M. V. M., were on guard. Assembling by companies in the drill-hall, the visiting veterans were addressed by Colonel Bradley, who outlined the arrangements, and then said: —

"Comrades, I wish to introduce to you Comrade James C. Melvin, the remaining one of the four Melvin brothers who served in the Union army. [Applause.] I wish to introduce him so that you may know the comrade whose invitation we have accepted to-day, and whose purpose of many years ago is about to be accom-

plished. He is more than happy, he tells me, to see so many of the old regiment turn out to honor the memory of his three brothers, members of Company K of this regiment, who gave their lives in the service of the Union, and whose memorial we dedicate this day."

After Mr. Melvin had bowed an acknowledgment, Colonel Bradley continued, "This is one of the most pleasing and yet sad ceremonies that it has ever been our duty to perform. Comrade Smith has consented to take charge of the programme until we return to the hotel at the close of the exercises at the Memorial. I now turn you over to his direction."

Cheers for the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery were given by the Post, and for the Grand Army of the Republic by the Veterans of the Association. Then the Post, George F. Wheeler commanding, escorted the visiting regiment to the cemetery, where a detail from Company I of the Sixth, under the command of Sergeant Albertus L. Dakin, was guarding the grounds surrounding the Memorial. Pleasure was added to the programme of dedication by the presence and singing of the Grand Army Glee Club, consisting of Colonel William M. Olin, Secretary of the Commonwealth, Past Department Commander Silas A. Barton, Comrades John Gardner, Frank B. Perkins, and Isaac F. Kingsbury. Lieutenant Smith opened the exercises at 11 A. M., saying: —

"Comrades and Friends: I stand before you to-day

representing the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, although not President of the Association. The President, finding his voice unequal to the task, desires me to take charge of the exercises at the cemetery. We are standing in this silent camping-ground of the dead, where many of our comrades who went with us in 1861 and 1865 are sleeping, resting, waiting for the roll-call above. A few of us have come here to-day to assist our Comrade Melvin in dedicating this monument to the memory of his three brothers who went forth with us in the days of '61 in the defence of our country, but who long since passed on to the other shore and are waiting for us there. We hope there are yet some years for us, but still we realize that they are telling and the time is coming soon when we too must enter and be enrolled with those who have crossed over the river.

"It recalls to us, Comrades and Friends, those days when these three boys were young, the same as we, and they went out in Company K of the First Heavy Artillery, which was at first the Fourteenth Infantry, and gave the best of their years to the service of our country. We wish they could be with us upon some other occasion than this; but their battle has been fought, their victory won, and they are now waiting for those of us who tarry here a little longer, to come and join with them in the great parade above. Comrade Bradley has brought that ever-memorable bugle that he used as a boy in the regiment, sounding the Charge and the

Assembly, and he will give us the call for the latter order first."

Comrade Bradley then sounded the Assembly, using for the purpose the bugle with which he, as regimental bugler, had sounded the charge at Petersburg, June 16, 1864.

Next followed Walter Kittredge's famous song, "Tenting to-night on the Old Camp Ground," as sung by the Glee Club, after which the Rev. Comrade John W. Brownville (Co. I) of Gloucester invoked God's presence and blessing, saying: —

"Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, our ever-present and personal friend, we thank Thee for what Thou hast already wrought in our behalf in connection with this day's proceedings. We thank Thee for the natural sunshine, and we pray that we may also realize the sunshine which comes from a consciousness of Thy divine presence. And before we proceed further, we desire to look into Thy face, we desire to invoke Thy blessing upon all who are immediately interested in this event, and we pray for a blessing upon all who may read an account of these proceedings in the press. Help us to realize Thy presence.

"Thou art here, O God, and we desire to realize Thy blessing in prompting so many of the comrades of these brave men, who gave their lives so freely for the Union,

to come here to-day, and we believe that they must ever esteem it as one of the greatest privileges of their entire lives, that they were permitted to bear a part in these exercises.

"We invoke Thy blessing, O God, upon this man, our comrade, who long ago resolved, with a heart full of fraternal love, to erect that which should be a perpetual reminder to himself and all beholders of the devotion of his three brave brothers, of their patriotism, and of the manner in which they showed their love for their imperilled country. We ask, O God, that Thy blessing may rest upon these friends who are related in any way to our departed heroes. God help us to keep ever in memory those who at home performed deeds of valor and made sacrifices greater in many respects than any that were made by the boys at the front; and we further ask that Thy special blessing may rest upon the immediate representatives of this family, of such unfaltering patriotism that they were willing to send four of their boys to fight the battles for the Union. All the anguish in that home, these friends, this surviving brother, may remember. We pray that Thou wilt comfort him as he stands here in the presence of this Memorial, and as he remembers the circumstances under which these boys went forth to fight; and we pray that Thou wilt wonderfully bless him for this act of love and for his thoughtful remembrance of the members of the regiment in which his brothers served. We trust, O God,

that this may be in many respects the most satisfactory moment that he has ever known, and to his fellow veterans, the most interesting occasion on which they have ever gathered to pay loving respect to their fallen friends.

"O Lord, thou knowest just what is fitting. We need not wait long in Thy presence. Thou knowest our hearts. We ask that Thy blessing may rest in its richest form upon all who are concerned in this event. Bless all of us in such a way that God shall be honored, the relatives of these deceased comrades comforted, and all heaven made to rejoice over an act at once so gracious and so full of friendship, love, and loyalty. Let the blessing come, O God, and unto Thy name, Father, Son, and Spirit, will we give all the praise. Amen."

A poem for the occasion had been hastily written by Comrade William Sharrock (Co. F.), Lawrence. Though he was wounded, with so many others of his regiment, June 18, 1864, in one of the many fights in front of Petersburg, he came home with all of his limbs. July 4, 1865, when the City of Lawrence was celebrating Independence Day and Appomattox, at one and the same time, while assisting in firing a cannon, Sharrock had the terrible misfortune to lose both arms through the premature discharge of the gun. Acquiring the ability to write with a pen held between his teeth, for many years he thus wrote his letters, but

failing eyesight compelled him to use a pen fitted to an artificial hand. This he says is not so convenient.

The poem was then read by Comrade Wm. J. Mansfield (Co. L), Wakefield, Secretary of the Association.

MOVE SOFTLY

Hush! move softly where you tread.
'T is hallowed by our noble dead.
The clash of battle now is o'er,
They now await the eternal shore.
Nay, not eternal; they rest awhile.
The reveillé will form the file.
They'll answer to the Captain's call,
And, "Here!" answer one and all.

The Captain watched the glorious fight
Yes, guided He both day and night,
Permit He could not sin to sway,
And destined it must pass away.
Reign on forever, Peace and Truth,
Contend for this, ye men and youth.
That when the final roll shall call
You'll answer "Here!" one and all.

Hush! move softly where you tread.
They sleep within their narrow bed,
And now await the trumpet's sound
To pace upon celestial ground.
The bugle sounds at Captain's will.
Be fervent all! Be still! Be still!
The reveillé will soon be called,
They'll answer "Here!" one and all.

Hush! move softly where you tread.
'T is hallowed by the noble dead —
Not dead! resurgent (to rise again);
To join with Angels' sweet refrain;
They but await the bugle's sound
To pace upon celestial ground,
That when the reveillé shall sound its call,
They'll answer "Here!" one and all.

Here, the Glee Club rendered Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Comrade J. Payson Bradley (Co. B.), Boston, then gave the following impromptu address: —

"Comrades of the old First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery and good friends assembled here to-day: As the youngest member of the old regiment present, and as one who forty-five years ago to-day was in front of Petersburg, where one of the Melvin boys lost his life, it has become my sweet, sad duty, by the request of the surviving brother of that family, to address you on the occasion of the dedication of this memorial to his three brothers, members of Company K of our regiment, who went out but did not return. Our regiment, it seems to me, always had sudden calls to duty, and I would not be true to the patriotic tradition of its birthplace, old Essex County, or to this family whom we honor to-day, or to my own family, if I did not act the part of the minute man by responding at almost a moment's notice to a duty such as we are performing.

"Over one hundred years ago this part of our country

was stirred by the midnight ride of Paul Revere. From Boston to Lexington and towards Concord he rode, giving notice that the English army was coming out to this town to destroy military stores which had been here gathered. This family, which had seen service under the Provincial Governors at Crown Point, at Louisburg, and at Quebec, did not forget their duty when that hour of danger came, and it was a Melvin who rang the bell at Concord to notify the people of the oncoming of the invader. As they were represented all through the Colonial and Indian wars and in the War of the Revolution, you are not surprised, my friends, to know that they were not wanting when this country which their forefathers helped to found was in danger, and they sprang again to arms when our great commander, Abraham Lincoln, directed the loyal men of the country to assemble in defence of our national capital.

"One of the boys from the plough in the field, with only a few moments' warning, without even going home to put on different raiment, went to the armory of your home company of the Fifth Massachusetts militia, enrolled himself in it, and went forth to battle for his country. And as the war progressed, one after another of these boys entered the army, until, before the close of the war, the four brothers were serving under the Stars and Stripes, which you, my comrades, carry in this solemn yet glad procession to-day. There were other

Asa Heald Melvin.
September 26, 1834–1864, June 16.

families that were represented by the entire male membership, but there were not many in which four brothers, leaving behind a widowed mother and two sisters, went forth with their commendation and blessing and fought for the Union and the flag, and you will find still less, that, when the war was over, had only a single member to return and keep in lasting memory the patriotic service which three of them sealed with their lives.

"It is certainly very happy, even amid these symbols of mourning, for the old regiment to assemble here to-day at the kind invitation of the remaining brother, and with him dedicate this beautiful memorial to the three brothers, older than himself, who laid down their lives that the nation might be preserved. We honor not only the brothers who have passed over, but we would, in this large assembly of the old regiment to-day, honor him who remains, who after the war vowed that if prosperity came to him he would erect a memorial to those who were near and dear to him; and to-day we see before us that vow fulfilled. How appropriately and how beautifully it has been carried out is shown by this figure representing 'Mourning Victory'; for, Comrades, you know that all our victories brought with them the stirring of our hearts' tenderest feeling, and a tear for those whose death made the victory possible.

"We cannot forget that to-day, the 16th of June, is the

forty-fifth anniversary of the engagement before Petersburg, Virginia, when the Army of the Potomac, having fought through the Wilderness and at Cold Harbor, crossed the James River and made that march upon what proved to be the stronghold of the Confederacy. It was on that 15th of June, 1864, that we heard early in the afternoon the firing of Smith's division of the Army of the James as it made its successful assault on the extreme outer works of Petersburg, held by a small force hastily gathered together. That night we arrived before the city, and the next day, the 16th, just forty-five years ago, you who were present at that time will remember that about five o'clock in the afternoon the Second Army Corps, supported on the left by the Ninth, made an assault upon the works held then by Hill's corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. You will remember, my comrades, how stubbornly the battle raged from five until ten o'clock. You will remember we lost one of our color-bearers, and there is a comrade with us here who the next day took those colors and carried them to the end of the war. It was on the 16th that one of these brothers gave up his life on the battlefield for his country. Asa, a good soldier, spoken well of by all his comrades and officers, was the one to answer to the call of duty, following almost eight months after his brother John, who had died in the Military Hospital at Fort Albany, Virginia, October 13, 1863.

John Heald Melvin.
July 27, 1841 - 1863, October 13.

"One might think that the sacrifice of two of the brothers was enough. But fate had in store a different history to send down the ages, for in the battle of the Wilderness, at the Harris Farm, on the preceding 19th of May, 1864, Samuel was captured and confined at Andersonville, Georgia. Comrades, you know what that meant in 1864. We can believe that the two brothers who had already passed over to the glorified encampment above, had received from the Great Commander the gracious welcome of 'Well done, good and faithful servants.' But how about the other brother, at Andersonville? There's a comrade present, a fellow prisoner who was with him through all the months and weeks of his terrible sickness, suffering, and longing for home, who will tell you that he was 'faithful unto death.'

"The sacrifice now was complete; three of the brothers had gone, one remained. He, a mere youth, could not allow himself to remain at home, but in the last year of the war, really too young to enlist, he joined that famous old Sixth Regiment which marched out at the very beginning, and in the streets of Baltimore shed the first blood for the Union. He was spared to come home, and it is well that we should assemble here to-day and with him assist in the dedication of this memorial.

"How well his brothers filled the full measure of a soldier's duty, this silent memorial and these tablets in short words proclaim. They have indeed blessed this

country, for in the soil of Massachusetts one lies buried; in an unknown grave, in Virginia, he who fell at Petersburg sleeps his last sleep; and amidst the mourning pines at Andersonville in Georgia another awaits the call of the angel trumpeter. Their blood indeed has enriched the soil of our common country. From Massachusetts on the north to Georgia on the south they have enriched it, so that coming generations will say that not Massachusetts and Georgia alone, but the soil of the whole Nation has been made sacred by the death of these three boys. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.' What can we add to these words of Holy Writ? It was not their lot to be famous in civil life, but in the common walks, in which we of the old army had a part, they were doing their duty when the call came. They obeyed, and, when put to the test, they made that sacrifice, the greatest that can be made, their lives for their fellow men, their lives for this country we all love, their lives for that flag which came home washed of its one stain and purified not only in their blood, but in the blood of thousands of our comrades, who on battlefields, the decks of our men-of-war, and in prison pens freely died that the Nation might live.

"In coming memorial days, when children of the rising generation repair to the different cemeteries throughout our land, and with slow and measured tread, the few veterans that remain accompany them and place

Samuel Melvin.
April 9, 1844–1864, September 25

wreaths upon the graves of their departed comrades, no more interesting place than this can be found throughout the country to teach these children the lesson of the sacrifices that were made in their behalf and in behalf of this Nation, not only now, but so long as God shall permit it to exist. May that lesson be taken to heart! May they, as they look upon this 'Mourning Victory,' which here guards so solemnly these three tablets, remember what it cost to preserve our Country's flag and to give this Nation its present position in the world. For, my Comrades, as we go out one by one we feel as if we had done something towards the uplift of humanity and the further advancement of our country, which God has so greatly blessed.

"I feel, Comrades, that no words of mine can add to those which are on this memorial. We are glad to be here in such large numbers to-day, — I think the largest assembly of the old regiment we have had for many a year. We are glad of this beautiful sunshine, reminding us of this day forty-five years ago. But above all, Comrades, I know what is in your minds. To have fought for a country like ours was a great privilege, but to be permitted to live forty-odd years to enjoy some of the fruits of that victory is a privilege for which we thank our Heavenly Father. It was not their privilege to see in the flesh what their sacrifice had wrought, but we believe that to-day in spirit our three comrades are with us. The call of the bugle not only brought nearly

a hundred men of the old regiment together, but, Comrades, I see again, as I look up and down the line, the woods in front of Petersburg into which we charged that afternoon, and I can see the old regiment, every man, assembled. You who were there remember we went into a hollow, something like this in front of us, before we came upon the enemy amongst the log-houses. That was forty-five years ago to-day, and from that day to this we have been reaping the benefits which came from the sacrifices made, not only then, but from 1861 to 1865, by our comrades from Maine to California and from the Lakes to the Gulf. And so to-day we go from this place rejoicing to think that we could be here to assist this brother in this act which is a credit to his mind and heart. We honor him for the erection of the Memorial, not only to his own brothers, but also to our dead comrades of the war.

"Before we close these ceremonies we are to crown these tablets with laurel wreaths, symbols of victory. From their own Company K there remain, and are here to-day, comrades who knew each one of these brothers well, and it certainly is most fitting that they should do this part in the dedication of the Memorial.

"And now, my Comrades, as we go from this place let us take with us a determination to live during the remaining years of our lives for our Country as they fought and died for it, let us be as faithful now and in the future

The Tabbs - Melvin Memorial

as we have been in the past, so that when the Great Commander shall call us to the final roll-call we shall all be able to answer 'Here' until the last man shall have reported, and the old regiment, with its old leaders, one of whom we wish might have lived to be with us here to-day, — our dear old Colonel Shatswell, — will reassemble in the glorified ranks of the Army of the Redeemed in the Great Encampment above."

Decoration of the tablets followed, accompanied, in every instance, by the sounding of "Taps" and the drooping of the Colors above the tablet, each decorator being a personal friend of the dead, as well as a member of Company K: —

Comrade Sylvester C. Frost, Arlington: — My comrades, in your name I deposit this wreath as a token of love and respect to the memory of our brave comrade, Asa H. Melvin, of Company K.

Comrade William H. Merrow, Lawrence: — Comrades, to me has been assigned the honor of placing this wreath to the memory of John H. Melvin, one of the original members of Company K of our regiment, and an intimate comrade of mine.

Comrade Lucius A. Wilder, Goshen, Indiana: — Comrades, as the sole survivor of six members of Company K who were taken prisoners on the 19th of May at Harris Farm, I place this wreath in memory of our comrade, Samuel Melvin. He died in Andersonville Prison.

The singing of "America" by the Glee Club, accompanied by the Assembly, led up to Comrade Bradley's saying: —

"As a fitting conclusion to these exercises, I have been asked to sound 'Taps' for each one of the Melvin boys; but, Comrades, 'Taps' does not seem as appropriate now as it did years ago. We have gone out so rapidly that the past seems far behind us, and the future appears to be closing in. So many of our comrades are over on the other shore, it seems that the night must be nearly ended and the morning dawning, and we listen intently for that first call of day which, Comrades, we shall hear, ere long, in Eternity's camping-ground, where we shall respond to Reveillé in the morning."

The Reveillé as sounded by Comrade Bradley, the boy bugler of the regiment, ended the exercises at the Memorial.

The detail from Company I and the Old Concord Post escorted the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery veterans to the Colonial Inn, where the three organizations were photographed. Photographs of the veterans had previously been taken at the Memorial, and of the veterans and Post at the armory on Walden Street. At one o'clock the three organizations were the guests of Comrade Melvin at dinner, the Regiment at the Colonial Inn, and the Post and Company at the lower town hall, the separation being necessary in order to secure adequate accommodations.

THE DINNER

At the Colonial Inn the Divine blessing was invoked before dinner by Comrade George H. Lewis (Co. F.), Melrose, in the following words: —

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that so many of us have been permitted to come together to-day on this solemn occasion. O Lord, we thank Thee for the services which were held in commemoration of our comrades. Though we cannot hear their voices, though we cannot look them in the eye, though we cannot grasp them by the hand, we remember them in our hearts. We thank Thee for this beautiful day, which is typical of that great day for which all days were made. We pray that Thou wilt bless us as comrades, and may the fraternal feeling and love in our hearts never cease; we know that it will not cease in time, and we trust that it will be perpetuated in eternity. Help us, as we partake of this bounty of Thy love, that we may remember that Thou art the giver. May we be as thoughtful and grateful to Thee as we are dependent upon Thee, and may we all meet in that Grand Army, that grand encampment, where the jewels of the Lord shall be gathered together. In Christ's name we ask it. Amen.

1861 1909

DINNER

GIVEN BY

JAMES C. MELVIN

TO THE

SURVIVING VETERANS

OF THE

FIRST MASSACHUSETTS HEAVY ARTILLERY

The Colonial Inn
Concord, Massachusetts
June 16th, 1909.

MENU

Iced Olives Radishes Sweet Pickles

Consommé Spaghetti

Penobscot Salmon Hollandaise

Green Peas

Roast Stuffed Chicken

Roast Beef

Mashed Potatoes Boiled Onions Concord Asparagus

Lettuce, Tomato and Cucumber Salad

French Dressing

Vanilla Ice Cream Frozen Pudding

Strawberries and Cream

Assorted Cake Macaroons

Roquefort and Cream Cheese

Crackers

Nuts Raisins

Coffee Tea

POST-PRANDIAL

After dinner, members of the Post joined their comrades of the Regiment in the dining-hall of the Colonial Inn, to listen to speeches by the veterans. Comrade Bradley presided at the exercises, and began the speech-making, saying: —

Comrades, give your attention to our host of the occasion, Comrade James C. Melvin. [Three cheers for Mr. Melvin, given spontaneously.] Before he speaks, however, just a word or two. The companies have sent in the lists of their members present here to-day. I presume the list is not entirely correct. Company A reports two men, Company B, twelve, Company C, six, Company D, eleven, Company E, two, Company F, eight, Company G, six, Company H, seven, Company I, six, Company K, eleven, Company L, nine, Company M, eight, or an aggregate of eighty-eight. This is the largest number we shall ever have together on this earth. There is something remarkable about this attendance, in that the companies that lost the largest number in killed and wounded during the service are most largely represented here, Companies B and K. This is a rather remarkable fact.

We are here as guests of our Comrade Melvin, and he has given us a glorious day. We have had a joyful meeting, and yet one that is tinged with sadness, for we cannot help at this time mingling these two emotions. I learn from our Comrade Melvin that, in erecting this Memorial to his three brothers, he raised it not only in honor of them, but also as a memorial and a tribute to the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. So at last, through Comrade Melvin, we possess a beautiful monument in the town of Concord, already noted for historical mementoes, covering not only the last one hundred and forty years of this country, but all the time from the very first settlement, from provincial days to the present. And I wish to say further, Comrades, knowing that you feel just as I do, that we are under great obligations to our Comrade for this magnificent Memorial and for this beautiful ceremony of dedication which he has arranged for us to-day. All honor to the three boys who went out from the family and died in defence of the flag, and all honor to him who still remains to uphold what they helped establish with their very lives.

I shall not take more of your time, because I have other duties to attend to in the way of arrangements this afternoon, and it needs very few words from me to introduce the youngest member of the family, Comrade James C. Melvin, our host of the day. Now, boys, I wish you to rise and give three cheers for Comrade Melvin. [The cheers were given vigorously.]

Comrade James C. Melvin

Comrades: My duty here to-day is very simple. It is to thank each and all of you for coming from your homes to dedicate a memorial to three of your comrades who suffered with you in camp, on the march, and on the battlefield, and who at last laid their lives on the altar of their country.

I am deeply touched that so many of you are here. One[1] comes a thousand miles to pay a last tribute of love and affection to his friend and comrade, with whom he suffered at Andersonville. The face of this comrade was probably the last friendly one my brother ever saw, for at that time the mists of death were gathering, and ten days later he died. I also desire to express my gratitude to the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery Committee, — for every member of that Committee has done all in his power to coöperate with the sculptor and myself in every way, — and to the members of the Old Concord Post, some of whom were boyhood friends of my brothers, for their kindness and courtesy in acting as escort to their visiting brethren. Also I wish to thank the Concord Artillery for detailing a guard for this occasion. This old Concord Company is the one in which my brother Asa served when it went to the front early in 1861, and in which I later became a private and an officer.

[1] Lucius A. Wilder of Goshen, Indiana.

It will be but a few years when there will be no old soldiers of the Civil War left, and as the evening shadows lengthen, each of you will have the consoling reflection that when your country was in peril you went to the rescue. But for you and your comrades, we should have no united country to-day.

At the close of the war I was a poor lad of seventeen, with no assets except what nature had given me. At that time I made a vow that I would some time erect a fitting memorial to my three brothers. For more than forty years this has been in my mind, and it is nearly thirty years since Mr. French, one of the friends of my youth, was consulted. Five years ago he accepted my commission; the result is the beautiful and inspiring monument which you to-day have dedicated. I am certain you will all agree with me that the youthful hand which fashioned the Minute Man and in maturer years created the Milmore Memorial has lost nothing of its cunning. May it forever stand, a memorial to these three brave soldiers, and, what is of vastly greater importance, an inspiration to future generations to follow the path of duty though it may lead, as it did with these brothers, to that greatest sacrifice that can be made by man.

In the spring of 1861 the three brothers were living, two of them in Lawrence and one of them on a farm in Concord. Their ancestors and family had taken prominent parts in the Indian and Colonial wars as well

as in the War of the Revolution. On the paternal side one ancestor[1] commanded a company at Louisburg and another[2] took an active part at Brookfield in King Philip's War. One of the family[3] commanded a company at Crown Point, and one[4] was the sentinel at the court-house in this town on the 19th of April, 1775, and rang the bell that roused the country. On the maternal side four of their ancestors[5] were officers.

With such antecedents it was only natural that Asa, as true a Minute Man as the court-house sentinel in 1775, hearing on the 19th of April, a day when the blood of every true son of Concord thrills with patriotism, the eighty-sixth anniversary of the day when the "embattled farmers" fired the first gun for American independence, that the Concord company had been called out by Governor Andrew and was to leave that day for the war, should, although not a member of the company, drop his work in the field, walk to the centre of the town, join the company, and leave with it for the front in less than three hours after hearing the call. He was in the first battle of Bull Run, and at the expiration

[1]	Captain David Melvin	1690–1745
[2]	Lieutenant Simon Davis	1636–1713
[3]	Captain Eleazer Melvin	1703–1754
[4]	Private Amos Melvin	1731–1806
[5]	Sergeant John Heald 2d	1689
	Lieutenant John Heald 3d	1666–1721
	Lieutenant John Heald 5th	1721–1810
	Lieutenant John Heald 6th	1746–1816

The Melvin Homestead off the Lowell Road Concord Mass.

of his term of service returned to Concord and soon reënlisted in the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery for three years, and on the expiration of that term of service reënlisted again in the same regiment. He was killed in a charge on the enemy's lines at Petersburg June 16, 1864, aged twenty-nine. That charge was sounded forty-five years ago this afternoon by the same man, on the same bugle, that you have heard to-day. Asa's body lies in an unknown grave.

John was working in Lawrence at the time. He enlisted early in 1861 in the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. The regiment was mustered into the United States service July 5, 1861, and soon left for Washington. He died at Fort Albany, Virginia, October 13, 1863, aged twenty-two years. His body was sent home by his comrades, and rests in our beautiful Sleepy Hollow.

Samuel enlisted at the same time as his brother John, and was taken prisoner at Harris's Farm May 19, 1864, while taking his comrade E. K. Boardman to the rear. He reached Andersonville June 3, and perished there September 25, 1864, aged twenty years, five months. I have here the diary[1] which he kept while he was in Andersonville, in which he wrote almost daily up to within ten days of his death. In it he says that he could not ask to be better treated than he was by the Confederate soldiers while on his way

[1] See page 77.

to Andersonville. There everything was changed and cruelties unspeakable were suffered. In this diary he records his hopes and his disappointments, one day buoyed up by rumors of an exchange, only to be cast into the depths of despair by their not proving true; the death, one after another, of his comrades, taking down the tender messages of love sent by them to their kindred at home. He tells of his own and his comrades' sickness and sufferings, some days of getting no rations and on others only a few spoonfuls of uncooked, unsalted rice or cornmeal. The continual cry is for food and for home.

For the boys who wore the gray I have no ill feeling. I have spent the last five winters in the South, and have met many of them, and it has been a pleasure to me to help some of them who were needy.

For Andersonville there can be no excuse. The barbarity and cruelty there will forever remain a blot upon American civilization.

The Daughters of the Confederacy may erect a monument to Wirz as high as the virgin pines which surrounded the stockade, but the little white stones on the slope at Andersonville, which mark the graves of the fifteen thousand heroes who perished there, will forever tell the true story. [Applause, and three cheers for Comrade Melvin.]

Comrade Bradley

Our Association, as you know, is presided over this year by Comrade Sidney Poore. His voice is a little out of tune to-day, but we cannot let our President off without at least a word. We would like to hear from the President of the Association, Comrade Poore, of Company B.

President Sidney Poore

Mr. Toastmaster and Comrades: At the best, I am a very indifferent speaker, and for the last few days I have had a very bad voice, and I am troubled with rheumatism, too, so that I am under the weather, figuratively speaking anyway; but I am very much pleased to meet so many of you here to-day. I never thought that I should ever see so many of the First Heavies together again. I have been used, ever since I came out of the army, to go to the different reunions that we have had, and I have seen some pretty large parties assembled, but I must thank Comrade Melvin for making our getting together to-day possible. I hardly think we ever should have met in such numbers if it had not been for his kind invitation. I think I could come down every week and enjoy this. I am sure I voice the sentiments of all of you, Comrades, when I thank him very kindly and heartily for making this day possible.

Comrade Bradley

We have here a comrade who has come from the state of Indiana to be present to-day to pay his personal respects to one who was very near and dear to him, one of the brothers, the one who died at Andersonville. If Lucius A. Wilder is in the room we want to have him step right down here and let us hear a word from our Indiana Comrade of Company K.

Comrade Lucius A. Wilder

I will simply say that I am interested in this dedication. I have come a thousand miles for this occasion; I can think of no other event that would have brought me here. But Andersonville Prison is an old story. It is something that I seldom mention unless I am among those who can appreciate it and who know something of prison life.

As Comrade Melvin mentions in his diary, we were treated well until we arrived at Andersonville Prison. We certainly had good officers. I began to think that they were not as bad as they were represented. But that was the last that we ever saw of what we called a good officer or a good rebel. They could not do enough to injure the prisoners after that; it was anything to get one out of the way. I do not believe that consent would ever have been given to hang six raiders there, if this had not been the means of destroying six Yanks. When

we arrived at the prison, fortunately we had a little money, twenty-five dollars, George Handy carrying the funds. He was very anxious in regard to that money, for it was well known that every prisoner would be searched and all his valuables taken from him, — money, watches, knives, anything of value, even his coat. As it happened, the Confederates seemed to be much excited at the time we arrived at the stockade. At that time the prison contained some thirty thousand men. The keepers were very anxious to get us inside as soon as possible, so that no one of the thousand was searched, and in consequence we carried in considerable money among us. As we entered the stockade, the old prisoners, who had been there all the way from two to eleven or twelve months, were standing in a line, in rags, some of them almost nude; some of them had not had shirts on their backs for three months, — their hides the color of leather. I looked them over. I saw several men sitting there, nude apparently, living skeletons. No skeleton in a dime museum would ever compare with those men. They were simply skin and bones. At this time I met an old comrade, a schoolmate, by the name of Henry Joy of Lawrence. He stepped up and shook me by the hand. Said I, "Henry, how long have you been here?" He looked very serious. "Nine months," he said, "in this and other prisons." I made the remark that I did not think I would remain there long. He said, "I thought so when I entered here, but

I have about given up hope." Two months later he died. The prison was so crowded that we could not find a place that we could call headquarters. We were anxious to keep together our little band of six. I happened to see a piece of ground with three or four willow poles bent over, about six by four. I made the remark, "Here is a place, boys. Let us quarter here." An old prisoner stepped up. "Just come in, boys?" he asked. "Yes, just come in. We are looking for a place that we can fix up for a kind of headquarters." He said, "I'll sell you my place." I replied, "Do you sell the land here?" "Well," he said, "there is no rule, but all of my friends have died and I am heir of the estate"; and he smiled. We talked it over. We decided we would purchase. His price was five dollars. We made our little shelter. We possessed one blanket. That blanket we got possession of from a rebel officer just before we went into prison; one of the boys having had a fancy haversack which he traded for it. We took the blanket and ran it over the poles. I possessed an extra shirt. My friend Ned Holt, of Company K, had an extra pair of drawers. We made a shelter enough to keep the sun off of us, and that is the way we lived for some two months. Then we commenced to divide up. We could not all get under the shelter at night. We simply lay spoon fashion, one turn, all turn. The man that was on the outside one night would be on the inside the next night. That is the way we lived.

After some five weeks I noticed that the men commenced to fail. There seemed to be no disease particularly, but a sort of despondency. A man would lie there, and would groan and look up to the sky, and think of home and the old farm. He soon passed away. An early one to go was George Handy. The next to go was Asa Rowe, and the next was Ed. Holt. Ed. Holt died from diphtheria. We were cooking together one day. I made the remark that my throat was sore. He said, "So is mine," and added, "You must have taken cold." The next day he asked, "Wilder, how is your throat?" Said I, "It is not any worse. I think I am getting better." It seems that he had diphtheria, and my trouble was nothing more than a cold. The third day I walked him round the prison to see the boys. They spoke to him. He was like death, and he could hardly speak. He said he guessed he would go back and lie down. He went back and lay down. He looked up and said, "Wilder, I never shall live to see the sun rise." I told him I thought he might live to see the sun rise on many an occasion. He spoke to his friend Melvin, who did not give him much encouragement, and he strangled to death. I went outside of the tent, and I shed tears, the only tears that I shed while I was inside that prison, for it did not do for a man to get despondent.

Comrades, I could go on by the hour and talk of Andersonville, but I am simply taking up time; therefore, thanking you, I will stop.

Comrade Bradley: — We would like to listen all the afternoon to our good Comrade Wilder. This story of course comes back to us very sharply.

Comrade Wilder: — You have heard me; I would like to hear others.

Comrade Bradley: — Of course we wish to hear from quite a large number. It has been suggested that we should hear from every comrade present. It is impossible to carry out that suggestion; but a list of those who knew our comrades in whose honor we are assembled to-day, and who knew them well, has been prepared, and on that list is our good friend Comrade Merrow, of Company K. Captain Merrow!

Captain William H. Merrow, Lawrence

Well, Mr. President and Comrades, what I have to say will be in few words. I am no speaker. I only wish that there was one here who could voice the sentiments of Company K, and that one is Charley Burrows, but he unavoidably is kept away. He has business of such a nature that he could not possibly be here.

At the breaking out of the Civil War, John and Samuel Melvin were employed in the mills of Lawrence, like hundreds of young men who had gone to the new city, as it was then known, to make their fortune, and the two Melvin boys, in connection with twelve others, enlisted in Company K about as soon as it was organized. Intimacy grew up between John Melvin and me

that lasted all the rest of his life. He was an intimate comrade of mine. If we were on the march, it was John's elbow that touched mine. If we went out of camp anywhere, John and I were together. If we took a notion to go to Washington, it was John and I who went together.

John was an exceedingly good soldier. He was a man who kept his equipments and his clothing in perfect shape at all times. No sudden call for any inspection ever found John Melvin unprepared. Samuel Melvin was more of a sedate, studious nature. He was an inventive genius. I remember at one time his getting up some sort of a galvanic battery; he was studying electricity at as early a day as that. Of course if he had lived, these times would have been opportune for him to perfect his study. But that was the different nature of the two men. While John was all soldier, Samuel enlisted and was soldier to this extent: he was there to do his duty as he was told, but he did not enter into it with the same enthusiasm as did John. Of Asa Melvin I knew very little, because I left the Company soon after his admittance to it, but his death in the line of battle, the 16th of June, vouched for his good conduct.

Speaking of Company K, there were borne on its rolls from first to last somewhere about two hundred and twelve officers and men. Of those two hundred and twelve, there were one hundred and forty-nine that reached the firing line, or, as we said in those days, that

went to the front. Of that number fifty-eight were killed, wounded, or missing, making a little more than one third of the whole number of men that were engaged. Of the two hundred odd men of that Company who followed the old flag into the battle of Spottsylvania on the 19th of May, 1864, there were less than twenty that stood under its tattered folds at Appomattox. While we do not speak of Company K as having performed its duty better than any other company, I think the records will show that it did as well, and I am sure the comrades who are here to-day will indorse that.

I wish to return my thanks for the thought that brought about this magnificent reunion. To Comrade Melvin all honor is due. I know it was last winter that he first conceived the idea of inviting the Company to these memorial exercises. But he found that its surviving members were scattered and few, for I wish to say right here that out of Company K there are at the present time one hundred and fifty known to be dead, forty-two are living, and the rest, some twenty-one or two, are recorded as missing. As I said before, it was his idea to have the Company only, but when he found that there were so few and they so scattered, he then decided to invite the remainder of the old Regiment, which I am glad that he did, and postponed the dedication until this summer.

Comrade Bradley: — Comrade Poore, the President of the Association, has an additional word to say.

Comrade Poore: — At some time, and I don't know as there would be any more opportune time than this, sir, I wish to propose the name of Comrade Melvin for honorary membership in our Association. [The motion was seconded by several comrades.]

Comrade Bradley: — You hear that motion. Everything goes to-day, Comrades. The President makes the motion that our host of the day, James C. Melvin, be made an honorary member of the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery Association.

A Comrade: — By a rising vote.

Comrade Bradley: — Are you ready for the question? All in favor will say, "Aye."

The motion was adopted unanimously by rising vote, and Comrade James C. Melvin was made an honorary member of the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery Association.

Comrade Bradley: — Comrade Melvin, you are one of us now. And, by the way, he has been looking over something here, and wants to read just a word. Comrade Melvin! Now you are one of us.

Comrade Melvin: — To show you the style of diary[1] that my brother kept, I will read the entries for two or three days. [He then read the entries for September 12, 14, and 15, 1864.]

Comrade Bradley: — We would like to hear from Comrade Jenkins of Company H, Andover. Give your

[1] See page 77.

attention, Comrades, to Comrade Jenkins of Company H.

COMRADE E. K. JENKINS, ANDOVER

I wish to say that you and I never met under any such circumstances as these, from the beginning to the end, and I predict we never shall again. We meet with different thoughts. We came here, it might be said, to bury our comrades. We have laid our last tributes on their resting place. Then we listen to the brother, and he reads how one of them died. It brings back to us the war, with all its deviltry, with everything that should stamp with that name Andersonville Prison.

I have lived long enough to see the son of General Grant almost taken from his feet by the Southerners down in Tennessee, while tears were flowing. The Blue and the Gray have grasped each other by the hand and here we stand to-day a better nation than we ever were before. See what we have done by sending what the pessimist believed was to be an encouragement for war, our fleet, all over the world. And what did it meet? It met open arms everywhere. But the fiery newspaper and the sensationalist have tried to get us into a war with Japan. Japan is one of the best friends we have, and we are her best friends, and you and I know it.

We have come right in here to-day, and I think it is a heart to heart occasion. I would not have missed it for anything. This young boy, as he was, has done more

than any one of us in the Regiment to bring us together, to hold us right in brotherly love, and I want to thank him over and over again. And we are here to make a day for the beautiful, old historic town that we are in, where some of the best talent of the world lies buried. Those men made history, and we are making history to-day. We have been making it for forty years, and we look as though we might keep on for another ten years, though the most of us will be pretty old by that time. I shall be about ninety, but never mind, I shall be here. I stand up before you, seventy-eight years old in a few days, but when a man has courage he can do much.

I have one brother. He went into the war when I came out, and he, too, came out, with one leg taken off at the knee, the other, at the foot. He has the most cheery nature that I know. He will make you roar with laughter at the stories he tells. It is courage; he never says die. And that is why so many of us, I think, stand here to-day. We have not abused ourselves. We have tried to live temperate, industrious, and moral lives.

As the speaker said the other day to the Abbott Academy girls, "You want to sow morally and reap spiritually. Some men, you know, sow money." Our friend here sowed money. Did n't he sow it for a good purpose? He sowed money. He had but a dollar or two, he says. Think what he has reaped from those dollars, and think what he has put out here. It will never be forgotten by this regiment nor by this town. He sowed

wisely. He has made money where many others did not; but what a good use he has put that money to. It has cheered you and has set an example to you and to me.

Comrade Bradley: — I wish now to introduce to you another Comrade, a former President of the Association, whom all will be very glad to hear, and he is Comrade Farnham of Peabody, Company D.

Comrade Frank E. Farnham

Mr. Toastmaster: I address you and our generous host and all these dear old comrades, and say that I am glad to add a word to a spirit which is getting scarce through the country, but which prevails here to-day, the old spirit of '61. In doing so, without any malice and without sounding any discordant note, I cannot fall in with the prevailing sentiment over the country, it seems to me, of the press, of the pulpit, the lecture room, the politician, the statesman, and even of some organizations, to obliterate all the difference between the right and the wrong of that conflict, and to assert that there were as much virtue and principle in that war on the other side as upon the side in which the brothers of our host to-day died. I cannot subscribe to that opinion. Apparently their minds have not changed. *We* must make all the concessions, and it will end, unless checked, — and I hope history will check it, — in putting their cause on a higher plane than ours. I never

can subscribe to that, for theirs was the cause of slavery and nothing else.

I know it has become the fashion now to say that that was not the issue, although Alexander Stephens, perhaps the noblest rebel of them all, said it was, that slavery was the corner-stone of the Confederacy. I know it is the fashion now to say secession was the real issue. There have been plenty of wind and water wasted on that, have been in the past, and will be in the future; but there would never have been a drop of blood shed in settling that. And by the way, it is a question that never will be settled, because our forefathers attempted the mathematical impossibility of making a part equal the whole, of giving to the states the same rights as those of the whole nation in some matters, and that will never settle the question of right to secede. The Supreme Court has vacillated all round about it, and it is not settled yet. We are a failure, if that is all we tried for.

I, for one, think that this deluge of perverted sentiment, for so it looks to me, which crops out everywhere, can at least be delayed until we have followed these three departed comrades of ours. We must not give way to this. We cannot do it without stultifying ourselves and without decreasing the honor and insulting the memory of these comrades whom we honor to-day, and of all the others, for ours was the cause of liberty, and liberty not alone, as has been said, to the black man

in this country, but to all men, to all races, for all time, and the proof of it would have been, Comrades, if it had gone the other way. Where, then, would Liberty have found a resting place on this footstool for her feet? The progress of the world would have been set back for centuries. Let us live and die in the delusion, if it be one, that there never was a cause more justifiable than the one that called us to arms.

How little war has accomplished as a rule, and how little excuse for it there is! Indeed, it does not settle anything. It is very rarely war settles what it starts out for. Why, even our Revolution, which we talk so much about, was undertaken mostly to settle the question of taxing colonies without their consent. I think there are many colonies taxed to-day without their consent. The War of 1812 started with the slogan of no impressment of American seamen, and when they made the peace of Ghent there was not a word said about it, and there has not been one said since. The war with Mexico, and I should include that with Spain if there were not some Spanish-War fellows here, perhaps, it seems to me had no great principle behind it, and has no great place in history. All honor to those who do their duty. But our war was a war of self-defense, and self-defense is permitted to the nation as it is to the individual, and it is the only case in which blood can be shed justly. Speed the time, all men who have seen real fighting will say, when all these questions will be settled without the shed-

ding of blood, which really does not settle any question. When two men who have a joint interest, we will say, fall out and fight, and one whips the other, the other man is not convinced; he is mad, and it takes a court of law to settle it. It will take international courts in the future to settle questions which have to do with war. But let us be true to the conviction, and to the delusion, as I said, if it be one, that we fought for one of the most righteous causes that was ever struggled for, and be proud, as we have been, to our dying day that we played at least a humble part in one of the most glorious war dramas that was ever acted in this world's history.

Comrade Bradley: — I wish to make a little digression here. Some of the comrades have felt that they have had hard luck in life, that they did not have a chance, and they are perhaps inclined to envy those who in a literary way or in a business way or in any line have succeeded better. There is a great deal of luck in this world, but if we all had the sand and the endurance which were spoken of here as having been shown by the prisoners of war at Andersonville and at Libby, we would accomplish a great deal more in this battle of life. You know you saw in the army that the man who said he would not die generally lived. Of course there were exceptions in cases of severe sickness, but, I tell you, determination went a great way.

I happened to run across a comrade this afternoon,

Hiram W. Jones, who sits here before me, and he was the man before the war that hired James C. Melvin, our host of the afternoon, to work for him at twenty-five cents a day. ("Well, — he was a good boy to work," said Jones.) That is the way that Comrade Melvin started with his chance in life. Some of you may have worked for twenty-three and a half cents, but Comrade Melvin worked for Comrade Jones here at twenty-five cents a day, and I have no doubt you paid him in good money, Comrade Jones. I just wanted to make that statement as it came to me. Of all of our comrades of late years there has been one who has stood out conspicuously for his unselfish devotion to the interests of this old regiment in season and out of season. He took us down to Spottsylvania when we dedicated the monument. And there is one thing peculiar about this regiment and the friends of the regiment. We put up a monument at Spottyslvania. We did not ask the State of Massachusetts to contribute a single cent. Hardly a regiment in this whole Commonwealth, that has been under fire, but what has had a monument on some battlefield put up by the Commonwealth, and that you might say of every State in the North. Their regimental monuments on the battlefield have been paid for and have been put up there by the Commonwealth. I have no doubt that Massachusetts would have done it for us; but there seems to be a comradeship in this regiment which has pulled us together, and we have there to-day

a beautiful monument for the three hundred and ninety-eight men who fell on the Harris Farm, that place where one of our comrades was captured who afterwards died in Andersonville Prison. The monument was the result of the efforts of our good Comrade from Company L, Colonel John W. Hart of Salem, — who has been awake twenty-four hours in the day, looking out for the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery Association.

Colonel John W. Hart, Salem

After the most excellent speeches that I have heard here this afternoon I am surprised to think you should call on me, because you all know that I am no speech-maker. If I should get up and say anything at all I might say, "Not Guilty."

I anticipated with the greatest of pleasure being here to-day with you, but the chances looked blue for me a week or two ago, when my friend, Comrade Bradley, called me up over the telephone and asked me if I was coming, and I told him it would be pretty hard to get away from court. He said, "I tell you what you can do. Shut up the court." And speaking three or four days ago with the judge about coming out here, away from court, he said, "Mr. Hart, I guess you can try and get away." "Well," I said, "one of my comrades in Boston telephoned me if I could not do any better to shut up the court." He said, "I don't know but what you

can do it." So I don't know that there is anything further I can say.

Comrade Bradley has given me considerable credit in regard to the monument down South. I would like to state how that first started in my mind. I was down there with my wife, and I went out to the front of Petersburg and found that the First Maine Artillery had a monument, a good, nice monument, one which, however, does not compare with ours, nor did it cost nearly as much as ours did. I said to my wife when I got back to Salem, "The first thing I am going to do is to start the log rolling and get money enough to build a monument in Virginia." She said, "John, you can't do it." I said, "There is one already for the First Maine Artillery, and I am bound now that we shall have one at Harris Farm." I started it. The boys all fell right in, and the money was raised. We went down there and dedicated the monument, and had a nice time. Those who went can testify that the accommodation perhaps at some of the hotels was not what we would have liked, nor what we should expect up here. But we had a good time, everything went off first-rate, and the monument, if I do say it, is a credit to the regiment and a credit to the Commonwealth. It was paid for by money raised from members and friends of the regiment.

Now in regard to the Melvin boys. I knew them very well, being on guard with them more or less, especially at Fort Albany. When we first went out Company K

was at Fort Albany, where Company L was. I became acquainted with the Melvin boys and knew them well, and always found them willing to go on guard, or if asked to fall in or anything like that, I always found them good soldiers, ready to obey an order at any time. One of them I served with in the Fifth Massachusetts, I forget the letter of the company. It went from here, and was commanded, I think, by Captain Prescott.[1] I recollect that at one time the regiment was quartered at the Treasury Building in Washington, and there were five West Point Cadets assigned to drill it. One of them lost his head one day, being a little quick tempered. Somebody in the company made a mistake, and he swore at him. I remember Prescott going up and calling him down for doing it, giving him a severe lecture about swearing to his men. He said he did not do it himself and he did not like any outsider to do it. I was not personally acquainted with him at that time in that regiment, although I served in the same company with him. I remember him very well. I was in the same regiment, the Fifth, with him.

Gentlemen, I am glad to be with you to-day. It is not very often I get to Concord. The last time I was here was when you had the celebration on the 19th of

[1] George L. Prescott, Concord, Captain of Company G, Fifth M. V. M. Later he was Captain, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel in the Thirty-Second Massachusetts Infantry. Severely wounded, June 18, 1864, before Petersburg, he died the following day. He was brevetted Brigadier-General from the 18th of June, 1864.

April, 1875, and I almost froze to death. It was a cold day, and to top off with we had to march from Lexington into Boston and arrived there somewhere about two o'clock in the morning. We got back to Salem at four. Still, I had a nice time. But I am very much pleased with our exercises here to-day. Thank you!

Comrade Bradley: — We would like a word from Comrade Frost, who I understand was acquainted with our comrades whose memory we honor to-day, and I think was a member of Company K. Comrade Frost!

Comrade S. C. Frost, Arlington

I was well acquainted with our Melvin comrades, because I was a member of Company K. Perhaps some of you will remember that some of Company K had tents outside of Fort Albany in 1862, and part of them were in an old log cabin inside of the fort. These three Melvin boys were all inside of the fort, and I was also inside, so I was right intimately connected with them. They were good boys and good soldiers, always obeyed orders, and I don't think they ever had any trouble at all, were always ready for duty. Comrade Jones and I were detailed to watch with John Melvin the last night he lived.

I just want to say a little about the generosity of our host. I have known him a good many years. When I was commander of Post 36 of Arlington I induced him

Veterans of First Massachusetts Heavy

hhillery at the Dedication - June 16, 1909.

to join the Grand Army. He never had joined it before. I had the pleasure of mustering him into the Post. He lived in Newton, so that I don't think he ever came to a Post meeting except on the night he was mustered in. But he paraded with us at the time of the National Encampment in Boston in 1890; he went over the whole route with us. He always paid his dues promptly, and if we had a fair or an entertainment and wanted to raise money, if I went to him with tickets and asked him to give money he would ask me how much I thought he ought to give. I would tell him what I thought was about right, and he would hand it out. When we made one of our excursions South I invited him to go; he said he could not go, but he would pay the expense of some poor comrade who could not afford to go, and he did it. When we were raising money for a monument I went to him and asked him to help us on it. He said, "Yes." He took out his check book. I expected he would hand me a check for about ten or fifteen dollars, and he surprised me by handing me one for fifty dollars. I think that made Company K's subscription the leading one of all the companies in the regiment. And to-day we have had a sample of his generosity which we never will forget. I was going to move to make him an honorary member of the regiment, but our President got ahead of me. I hope we shall see him with us after this, now that he is an honorary member. I have invited him several times to attend our reunions, but he never

has been present. I think we shall always remember this day's generosity.

Comrade Bradley: — Comrades would like to hear — I will not take up your time in introduction — Comrade Holt of Lawrence. He is a quiet, unassuming fellow, but he cuts lots of ice about this season of the year, and more in the cold weather.[1]

Comrade Lewis G. Holt, Lawrence

I am not an orator, I am not a public speaker, but I am proud to say that I was a soldier in the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, and that I served three years in the ranks of that regiment. I say without fear of contradiction by any of my comrades that I was a good soldier, and that my regiment was never in battle or skirmish that I was not to be found in the front rank. I take no special credit to myself for always having been in the front rank, because that was where I belonged. I was the tallest corporal in my company, so my position was on the right and in the front rank. After I was placed upon the colors I was also the tallest corporal, and I was on the right and in the front rank until I was wounded at Cold Harbor.

I did not expect to be called upon to say anything, and I have not much to say, but some things that have been said here have led to some thoughts that I would like to express, and one is a little matter between the

[1] Lewis G. Holt has been in the ice business for many years.

Rebs and the Yanks. When we went down to dedicate the monument at Spottsylvania we stopped in Richmond, and I went into the hall of the Camp of Confederate Veterans. They had a beautiful hall, a large one, and on its walls was an oil painting, life-size or nearly so, of every general in the Confederate army, and right in the middle of the hall, just even with your eye, was a picture of General Grant. It brought to my mind the words of General Grant, and I thought the Confederate soldiers had accepted it exactly in the same spirit as the Northern soldiers have. "The war is over. Let us have peace." So I have nothing to say except in the words of General Grant, "The war is over. Let us have peace." We have buried the hatchet. They are friends, we are friends, and this is a great and glorious united country, thank God for it. ["Amen."]

Comrade Bradley: — I wish to say that on the 16th of June, if my memory serves me right, when we made the first assault on Petersburg, Color Sergeant Clark fell wounded in the assault and Comrade Buckley, — what company was he? [A Comrade: "H."] I am speaking from memory, — picked the colors up. If I am not mistaken Comrade Dearborn of Company L was at that time on the color guard. Now, this is one of the days we celebrate, and if Comrade Dearborn is here we would like to hear a little something authentic in regard to that fight of the 16th, in which one of our comrades whose memory we honor to-day fell. Comrade Dearborn!

Comrade S. B. Dearborn, Wakefield

Mr. Toastmaster: I don't know as I can give this regiment or give you any information, as I understand it, in regard to the color sergeant business at that time.

Sergeant Lester B. Clark was formerly a sailor, and he was a sergeant in Company L. He was quite a fleshy fellow, good natured, a good soldier. When we entered the fight on the 16th of June I was not a member of the color guard, but I was next to the color guard. On the left of Sergeant Clark was Corporal Buckley of Company H. When Sergeant Clark fell I saw the flag go down, and Corporal Buckley reached and picked it up. I thought oftentimes that if anything happened to Buckley I should have had it then. Although I was not on the color guard, I should have thrown down my gun and picked up the flag. I have seen Corporal Buckley since then,—he was down at one of our reunions,—and I asked him, "Are you the man that picked up the flag?" He said he was. Corporal Buckley was not promoted to color sergeant, and was not appointed one after that. Sergeant Mack of Company I was the Color Sergeant, and Sergeant Mack carried the flag way through to the 5th of April, 1865, when a shell burst right over it and split the staff in two pieces. As it happened, somehow or other, I don't know how, I was not far from Mack then. I had been on the skirmish line all that day. And by the way, to go outside

a little, we had come up to a house, and Sergeant Percival of Company L was with me then. I was under his orders, and we were firing from the house on the skirmish line. I turned and saw the brigade coming and the colors flying, and then our staff had not been struck. As they came along we joined in with them, and when the shell struck that flag of ours, which is in the State House and shows the staff fastened together, Mack picked it up under his arm and carried staff and flag under his arm right along like this. I presume, of course, we had it repaired in the regiment as best we could, to carry it after that. I think Sergeant Stoddard had the state colors, as I remember it. That is a little history of our color sergeants from the time we went to the front. Sergeant Clark, for want of proper care, as I understood, bled to death. There is a drummer boy here from Company H who was with him when he died; he spoke to me to-day.

In speaking of the fight of the 16th you referred to the log shanties. Of course you all remember those, and then the ravine into which we went and up which we fired. I seemed to be right along with Sergeant Percival then, for he said, "Dearborn, make for this log." We got behind that log, and laid our cartridges on it, and he fired two shots to my one. But he said, "Keep on firing." And I remember being on the skirmish line on the 6th of April.

This was such a large regiment that, although there

were so many of our men knocked out at Spottsylvania June 16, 18, and 22, it is surprising how few men there were at the surrender. You see we lost nearly four hundred on the first send off, and three hundred were taken the 22d of June to go to Andersonville and those places, because our flank was exposed, and besides there were Cold Harbor and Totopotomy Creek.

There came an order for a detail to go and guard our train, and "Governor"[1] [Hazen S.] Pingree of Company F was detailed as one of the guards. Mosby captured the whole outfit. I know Captain Littlefield came and said, "I will take the man who has the two sorest feet." I was in hopes he would take me, to be honest, but he took a man by the name of Alger from Quincy, from our company, and Coney. Coney died in Andersonville a raving maniac, and Alger was left on the field with a charge of buckshot in him. He came home to Quincy, but afterwards died.

I don't know but I have wandered from my subject. I like to talk to the regiment. This is the greatest day I have ever seen in the regiment. As has been said, we are indebted to Comrade Melvin for all this. I felt like keeping quiet and thinking it over after I got home, but I would not have missed it for anything. There was a comrade coming in on the train this morning who had been invited to be here to sing with the singers.

[1] Mayor of Detroit, Michigan, 1889, and Governor of Michigan, 1897–99, better known as "Potato Patch Pingree."

He said, "I would rather give ten dollars than to be away from this to-day, but I have got to be at the Custom House." I thank you for calling upon me.

Comrade Bradley: — Of course it is a delightful occasion and we could stay here all the afternoon, but time goes on. It is very strange how these little incidents refresh your memory, and, while not meaning to be personal, we have to be a little so in our recitals. I knew we had a color sergeant who fell on the 16th, and we had one on the 18th, and I remember now Comrade Clark, who was carried behind the O'Hare house after he was severely wounded. It is just as clear as if it had happened five minutes ago. About that time Colonel Tannatt, who commanded the brigade before he was wounded, sent an order to Major Shatswell for ammunition, and in my position as bugler with Shatswell I was sent to order it up. I was mounted on a little black horse, that one of the aides gave me, and I rode back to the rear, to the ordnance officer, and delivered my order. You would be surprised, Comrades, to know the amount of ammunition you fired between half-past five and ten on the 16th of June. If I am not mistaken, three times that order came to me for ammunition. The second time, coming back, I came behind the house and heard a voice. I went up, and Color Sergeant Clark spoke to me and said, "For God's sake, Bugler, give me a drink of water." I gave him a drink of water out of a canteen.

The next day, if I am not mistaken, we lost another sergeant, the sergeant who was carrying the state colors. Is that right, Comrade Dearborn? On the 18th the state colors went down, and a corporal of the color guard took them and carried them forward, and I think carried them to the end; that was Comrade Dame of Company B. If Comrade Dame is here I want to know if I am telling the truth in regard to the 18th. Comrade Dame, is he here? He was here a minute ago. I am sure of it. As the comrade is not present, let us hear from Comrade Charles H. Shaw of Company E.

Comrade Charles H. Shaw, Cambridge

Mr. Toastmaster: I thank you for calling upon me. Many things have come back to me during the talks to-day, especially the conversation that Comrade Wilder gave us. I was one of those unfortunates that went to Andersonville. Out of thirty-three taken that day, I am one of five that are on earth to-day. But what came back to me very vividly was the death of your brother, Comrade Melvin, the 25th day of September. I was in Company E and was watching one of my boys, James G. West, who enlisted from Bradford, though he was a Newton, New Hampshire, boy. We had a little something to do; we helped Company K and Company D. He knew he could live but a little while. He called me, and he said, "Charley, if you live to get out of this Hell on earth I have a few little trin-

kets here that I want returned to my dear old mother up there in Newton." I took those trinkets, and I gave them to that dear old mother. I was a Newton boy also, but when I got there I was in such a condition that I could not be moved for nineteen days after reaching my home. She heard that I was there, and she had a carriage sent for me to go to her residence. I went on that errand of mercy, and she wanted me to give her a description of her son's death. I could not do it all at once. I gave it to her easy. It was on the 25th day of September, the very day that your brother died. I remember it very well, and how I stood by West, gazing at him, because Comrade Wilder and the rest of the old comrades will recall that we watched for the boys to die. We could then go outside to carry out the dead who died before sunset, and thus get a chance to bring back some wood to cook our food with, so we laid for chances. I thank you for calling upon me.

Comrade Bradley: — We would like to hear a word from Comrade Wait. I think Comrade Wait was acquainted with the boys. If not, we would like to hear from him anyway.

Comrade Luther Wait, Ipswich

I cannot say that I was individually acquainted with the boys; I recollect them, as I do a great many others. We were never connected with Company K as much as we were with some other companies. Company F of

Lawrence we were quite intimately acquainted with, because we camped together a great deal. Nevertheless, they were comrades of our regiment, comrades of mine, as I wrote our host when I answered his kind invitation, for which I wish to thank him very kindly.

I was going to say I had enjoyed, and I have enjoyed, myself on this occasion, although of course there is sadness mixed with it. My visit to this town on this occasion I am glad has happened on such a beautiful day as this. My former impressions of Concord were not very pleasant, as I was never here but once before in my life, and that was on the one hundredth anniversary of Concord and Lexington, which many of you probably remember was one of the roughest days that you ever experienced, nothing but snow squalls all day long. But this is a fine day, and we have had a fine time. Comrade Melvin has more than outdone himself in entertaining the comrades of this regiment, and we are under great obligations to him for the privilege of meeting in this old historic town, where the shot was fired that was heard round the world. Of those who lie buried in this old historic town, dating back to those days, none are more deserving of praise for what they did for this country than are the three brothers whose death we commemorate to-day, who fell in defence of what the forefathers established. They lie at rest.

"For them the muffled drum has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;

No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

Comrade Bradley: — Is Comrade Gibson here? We would like to hear a word from Comrade Gibson of Company F.

Comrade George S. Gibson, Clinton

I don't know what I can say, Comrades, of interest to you, though I might give a little description of my experience in setting that monument on the battlefield at Spottsylvania.

You will remember, when we first marched through Fredericksburg, and on the march out to Spottsylvania, the road over which we had to pass in order to reach that city and reach the battlefield, and our experience there for a few days. When you come to the project of taking a monument weighing fifteen tons over those various creeks, without bridges and without roads, excepting what were mere apologies for roads, you may know that a man was up against quite a proposition. On my arriving in Fredericksburg and viewing the monument — I was sent out, by the way, by Comrade Norcross,[1] who built the monument, to set it, — I took into considera-

[1] Orlando W. Norcross, Company D, Worcester, one of the most distinguished builders in the United States.

tion in making the arrangements that the man who had been on the ground was in the same business in which I was, building monuments and setting them. We drove to the ground and made up our minds about how many teams it would take to get the monument there, and it took six. We had twenty-four horses. In getting out there we could pay no attention to the little culverts, because the load would cut right through them, — they were built with logs laid across the runs, and a few bushes and sticks laid over them for ordinary travel, — so we had to get right outside and find a place at the side of the crossings. When we crossed those creeks we had to go down one side and up the other, doubling the teams in order to pull up the other side. That was our experience in getting out there. Finally we landed at the ground about two o'clock in the afternoon, and, by the way, we had started at daylight.

You will remember that there is one piece of that monument, the die, which has on it, not all the names of the comrades, but an inscription which was placed there by the committee. That piece, to my recollection, weighs between four and five tons. We had a derrick, and in raising the derrick of course we had to guy it back. We had that die strapped and hitched to the derrick and were ready to raise it, and the man whom I had employed with his rigging wanted to strip the boxing from the die before he raised it. I said to him, "You will find it safer to set that first, and then strip it."

"Well," he said, "how are we going to get those shoes from underneath it?" I said, "We will get them out, but we won't take them off till we get it up there." We set the team to the block, and began to raise. After we got it up high enough we set the other teams to the other blocks to straighten up on the derrick, and it brought that die about two feet above the base upon which it was to rest. It hung here for a few minutes, and we were adjusting things so that we could lower it exactly into place, when one of the guys of the derrick broke and that piece, weighing four tons, dropped on to the top of that stone. I had taken the precaution to put two timbers across the under face to guard against accidents, and when that came down there was no harm done, excepting a little shaking of the foundation; the foundation had been put in so substantially that it did not settle a particle. We went to work and stripped the die, and there was not a chip or a crack on it. I had the satisfaction of knowing when the monument was set in position that it consisted of four pieces, and that there was not a corner chipped the size of your thumb nail on the whole monument. It was as perfect a job as was ever set on any battlefield or in any cemetery. I was happy to have the privilege to set up such a beautiful memorial to the memory of the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery.

I won't take up your time any further. We have had a love feast here which will go with us to the last days

of our life, and I thank you for the privilege of saying these few words.

Comrade Bradley: — Sergeant Wiley we would like to hear a word from.

Comrade Joseph E. Wiley, Company L, Stoneham

Mr. Toastmaster: It is always a regret to me on such an occasion as this that I am not a born orator to express what I feel. I have been in Concord several times before. The first time was when the state mustered here, the whole state, before the war.[1] I have been here several times since. The last time was the one hundredth anniversary of Concord and Lexington.

Comrade Bradley: — What regiment were you in before the war?

Comrade Wiley: — The Fifth. I was in the same regiment with the Melvin boys. I got Centennial enough that day to last me one hundred years. I presume I knew these Melvin boys at Fort Albany. I was stationed there with Company K, and as I look at the pictures I think I recognize one of them. But I am a poor hand for names, and I never got the names. I don't feel like taking up your time after the eloquent speakers you have heard. I have had a fine time today. I thought at first I could not come, but I finally could not resist and I am very glad I did not.

[1] In the summer of 1858, Governor Nathaniel P. Banks mobilized at Concord the entire militia of Massachusetts, utilizing for this purpose the plain where now stands the Reformatory.

Comrade Bradley: — We would like to hear from Comrade Lewis of Company F. He is the watchdog of our treasury.

Comrade George H. Lewis, Melrose

I want to say, in regard to our treasury, that we are not bankrupt.

As we are getting along in the day I am reminded that we have passed the morning and passed the noon hour, or the zenith, and we are looking toward the horizon, looking toward the sunset, and so I will not trespass on your valuable time. I want to say, however, that this has been a pleasant day to me, that I have enjoyed every moment of it, and I think that our Comrade Melvin has done the right thing, the real thing.

There are many things in this life that are mysterious to us, things that we cannot comprehend, things that are problems, and although we may try to solve them, yet we are in the mist, yet we are unsatisfied with our endeavors to prove them. Here were three boys, the Melvin brothers, who were associated with us so many years ago, grand boys. The name of Melvin is familiar to my ears. Those boys were left behind. They did not have the privilege of coming back to their native state. They did not have the privilege of growing up into full manhood with us. Why not? Was it because they were not as worthy as we? Probably they were as good, and perhaps better by nature than we

were, but they were left behind. We cannot understand why they should be left behind and we brought back to our homes. Yet we are satisfied that there is a God, a Father, infinite in mercy, and in love and wisdom. He has permitted some to be taken and some to be left. We are fortunate in being here, not, perhaps, because we were accounted any more worthy than they, but through the plenitude of the mercy of God. How is it? We cannot tell. Probably had they come home they would have filled the position that was allotted to them with the quality and the quantity that have been allotted to some of us. They would have filled their position in life with honor. Yet, as I said before, the infinite Father knoweth what is right and doeth all things well. The great Emancipator, Liberator, the Lord Jesus Christ, said: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing, and not one falleth to the ground without the Father? The very hairs of your head are numbered. Are ye not worth more than many sparrows?"

When we think of the lives that were sacrificed in that great war, the blood that was shed, the money expended, what did it amount to? We are enjoying today the fruition of our labors, and the generations which are to come will enjoy the blessings that were brought about by the efforts of the boys of the army and the navy of the Civil War.

This indeed has been a glorious day. We will remember it. Comrade Melvin has erected a grand and glori-

ous memorial for his brothers. It stands there as a monument denoting the sacrifices that were made by those boys. As the rising generation shall look upon it they will admire their valor, and as the coming generations shall come upon the stage of action and shall see it, while they may have a tinge of sadness in their hearts they will be glad that men dared to do and to die and to stand the brunt of battle.

Comrades, we are under deep obligation to our Comrade Melvin for this occasion. I know it will be long remembered. I know that we shall cherish it, and we shall think it over, and it is frescoed on our brain and our mind and our heart. As the days go by, and as we go down the declivity of life, this will be one bright spot in our life.

I thank you for calling upon me. I think that we have all enjoyed ourselves, and to those who have not been fortunate enough to be with us we must give the details of this glorious occasion.

Comrade Bradley: — Comrade Hawkins! I would like to say, while Comrade Hawkins is turning the matter over in his mind, that names have been passed in to me here trying to cover the different companies. Before the Grand Army goes out I want to thank the Old Concord Post for the large turnout that it made to-day to escort us to the Memorial and return. I think there were twenty members present and parading out of a membership of something like thirty.

A Comrade: — Twenty-seven.

Comrade Bradley: — Twenty-seven. That is doing better still. It only shows that the old soldier and sailor are willing and anxious to turn out when occasion calls.

Comrade Hawkins, can you give us a word? And if there is any comrade here who was personally acquainted with the comrades whose name we honor today, the three Melvin boys, we would like to hear from him. Comrade Hawkins, a word!

Comrade Henry M. Hawkins (C), Dorchester

Mr. Toastmaster and Comrades: I am more than surprised that Comrade Bradley should call upon me, there is so much better talent and there are so many better orators than I am here, and I think that you would be better pleased to hear from them than from me. I will say, however, that the reception and entertainment that have been given by Comrade Melvin today are beyond anything that I anticipated, and I think that I can safely say that when I tell the comrades whom I meet what reception, what entertainment we have had, what the Memorial is, and how constructed, they will say that I am drawing the long bow. They won't begin to believe that we were so royally entertained by one individual as we have been. Therefore, Comrade Melvin, I heartily thank you for myself, and I am sure that I express the wishes of the rest of the

comrades of this regiment, for this memorable entertainment.

Comrade Bradley: — Is there any comrade here who was personally acquainted with any one of the three boys, who can give us a word now that would be of interest to us? Comrade Wheeler!

Commander George F. Wheeler of Old Concord Post

I am of Old Concord Post. I have been asked to give some personal recollection of these three Melvin boys. I like to go back, you know, to my early days, — I am a native of Concord, — and my association with them as boys is very pleasant to remember. They lived in one part of the town and I in another, but we went to the same church together, and as was customary in those times when we went to church we carried our dinners and spent the day there. So there was an early acquaintance formed between us that was very pleasant. John and Sam were in my Sunday-school class, and that class of seven boys all went to the war; three of them did not return. But, as I say, I have a very pleasant recollection of that early acquaintance with them as small boys. One of the neighbors, who lived nearest to Mr. Melvin, spoke of Mr. Melvin's father in this wise: "If I was owing Mr. Asa Melvin anything I should as lief he would come to my house and go in, and get his pay out of my pocket-book. I am sure that

he would do the correct thing," — showing the integrity of that family. So I think this early recollection of the Melvin boys is one of the most joyous in my life. I was well acquainted with others of the family, and it is pleasant to tell of it to you here.

Comrade Bradley: — Is there any other comrade here, of the Post or of the Association, who will just say a word? We have only a few minutes left. We shall be very glad to hear from any one.

Comrade George B. Clark (H), Somerville

Mr. Toastmaster and Comrades of the First Massachusetts: I am proud to say that I am a member of the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, after what I have heard to-day. I have attended many reunions of this regiment in the past, but my voice has never been raised at any of its meetings. I was one of the youngest members of that regiment. I recollect well when the regiment filed out of Fort Albany that bright Sunday afternoon, and took up the line of march for Alexandria; it was one of the grandest regiments, I believe, I ever saw. They knew where they were going, at least they were pretty sure they knew where they were going. When that regiment crossed the Rappahannock on that pontoon bridge and climbed up over the bricks and the ruins that were in the pathway, and reached the main street of the city, they unfurled their colors and marched through it. Well do I recollect Major Rolfe singing out to un-

furl the colors. We marched through the city of Fredericksburg and received the plaudits of the wounded soldiers as they came out of the hospitals, and the women and the children. Within forty-eight hours we went into the battle of Spottsylvania and lost two hundred and ninety-eight men, killed, wounded, and prisoners.

It was my lot to help the wounded. I recollect well that I helped Captain Davis off the field to an ambulance. He was bright and cheerful. Having been shot through the leg, he thought that he was only slightly wounded, but I was surprised to hear of his death shortly afterwards. Color Sergeant Clark was no relative of mine, but I was well acquainted with him. He was a splendid soldier, as brave a soldier as there was in the regiment. I was with him the day he died. He was brought to the Bryant Farm field hospital in the evening, and the next day he got no treatment until afternoon, there were so many wounded; but he had lost considerable blood, and when he was put upon the amputating table he never came out of the effects of the ether. I was surprised; I was a short distance away and I heard the report that he had gone. I went forward. A stretcher stood near the table, with a blanket covering the body. I removed the blanket, and at once recognized the color sergeant. He was buried with about fifty others on the Bryant Farm.

We do well, Comrades, to come to these reunions and erect monuments and memorials throughout the length

and breadth of this land to commemorate heroic deeds, but let us remember, and I have no doubt we all do remember, the sacrifices made by those who remained at home. Who can tell of the sacrifices made by the mothers? Mrs. Bixby of Boston gave five sons and received a personal letter from the immortal Lincoln, giving his sympathy and condolence. This family gave three. When I received a note of invitation from our host and read it, I said to myself, "That strikes me in the right spot. I shall be at that reunion if it is a possible thing for me to be there." And I am here to-day.

And those who perished in the prison pens of the South have been brought vividly to our minds to-day. The dust of these heroes lies in unknown graves, but their names are enrolled in the lists of immortal heroes. Some twenty odd years ago, one bright afternoon, something similar to this, I stood in the National Cemetery at Salisbury, North Carolina, where a schoolmate and classmate of mine before the war was buried. I had always wished to reach that spot and see if I could find his grave. I entered that cemetery, and I rejoiced to see that the government had bought up the land in which these comrades were buried who had died there during the war, and put a beautiful face wall about it, with iron gates. I entered, and found the superintendent, a one-armed Union soldier. He had me register my name, took me up to a little knoll in that cemetery, and then he

turned and said, "There, Comrade, there are the trenches." I looked and I saw three or four long green mounds stretching away to the other end of the cemetery, not a headstone, not a stone to mark the name of one. Standing nearest was a monument built by the government, about thirty feet high, and on it was this simple inscription: "11,800. Pro patriae." Eleven thousand and eight hundred died for patriotism. They died for love of country, for you and for me.

Comrade Bradley: — Comrades, I have no doubt that we could put another twelve hours on to this afternoon, but it is getting along about that time of the day in which you know we formed at Petersburg and had to go into the fight. The battle of life is not yet over with us, and we have other fights to engage in before the end comes, — at least, I hope so. I hope they will be of such a kind that the victories will be more in the line of peace and of progress and of all that goes for good-will than in the line of hatred or temper or strife on the battlefield.

Comrades, we cannot leave this historic town without saying just a word or two to clinch, as it were, what has already been said. To those who have been here it has been a delightful day. We are under deep and great obligations to Comrade Melvin for inviting this old regiment up here, and when we leave, Concord will be more to us than it ever has been before. In our hearts it has always been the place where liberty was born.

We shall never forget what is inscribed on the monument at the Old North Bridge. We shall never forget that it was here that the determined stand was made against the British army.[1] It is not oratory in Faneuil Hall, it is not speech on the platform, no matter how eloquent that may be, that brings to birth a nation; it requires the will of men facing fire and death. And it was at Concord that this Nation had its birth in the beginning of the War of the Revolution, and we hold the name of Concord very dear to every true American. But, Comrades, we will go away now feeling that here is a monument that not only commemorates the three comrades of our regiment, but that also speaks in most kindly words the feeling that is in the heart of our comrade who remains of that family. Not only does he erect it to the memory of his three brothers, but he also joins to-day in the expression he made as we entered the cemetery to two or three around us, "It is also to the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, of which my brothers were members." Comrade Melvin, you have a warm place in all our hearts. We wish we could have the time and the occasion to show it. But if the Lord lets us live and we have our reunions, come down and see us, and you will find the boys that stood shoulder to shoulder with your brothers under the old colors of the First Massachusetts are just as true to-day as

[1] Major Buttrick's command, "Fire, for God's sake, fire!" was the first time Americans had ever been ordered to fire on British troops.

they were then, and you will have a very large place in all our lives from this day on. God bless the old First Heavies and bless the man who had the thought to commemorate in this marble Memorial the sacrifices, not only of his own kin, but also the deeds of the regiment of which they were honored members.

We shall go from this place, Comrades, feeling that we have spent at least a few hours in something that will do more for us than pleasure, that has brought to us more than money can buy: it has brought to us the memories of the day when together we fought under the dear old flag. And we are glad to see it adorning this room. Memories of the past come rushing in on us here. We can hardly express ourselves as we think of the boys that were piled up at Spottsylvania and that fell in the trenches before Petersburg and all down through the Weldon Road until finally victory crowned our efforts at Appomattox. The past is gone, but the memory of it will be joined with the memory of this day in one of the sweetest recollections of our entire lives.

Comrade Melvin has a word to say before we close our meeting.

Comrade Melvin: — One or two things I want to mention. One is that your Chaplain Barker married his wife here, and was closely associated with this town. Your Adjutant, Charles F. Simmons, was a Concord boy. His name is not on our soldiers' monument, but he was, none the less, a victim of the war.

He died while he was at sea for his health, and technically, perhaps, he did not die in the war.

I want to thank you each and all. If ever I can do anything for you in any way, count me one of your number. [Applause.]

Comrade Bradley: — In half an hour the barges will be here to take you down. I hope you will all have an opportunity to shake hands with Comrade Melvin before you go.

This closed the speechmaking at the dinner. Members of the regiment were then taken in barges to view historic spots in Concord, afterwards returning to Boston in special cars attached to the regular train leaving shortly after five o'clock. Before leaving Concord each Comrade was given a framed photograph of the monument as a souvenir.

DIARY OF SAMUEL MELVIN

After the engagement at Harris's Farm, on the road between Spottsylvania and Fredericksburg, Va., on the 19th of May, 1864, the name of Samuel Melvin was among those reported as "missing." Six months passed before his family received any word from him, or had any definite knowledge of his fate. Then, on Thanksgiving Day, a returning comrade brought us his diary. It had come into the hands of the chaplain of the regiment without explanation, and he was unable afterward to tell even from whom he had received it.

Recently many friends who knew of the existence of this diary have urged that it should be printed. So far as I have been able to learn, only two or three records kept by prisoners at Andersonville have ever been made public, and it has therefore seemed well to follow the desire of my friends. In the other cases referred to, the prisoners lived to revise and explain what they had written; but I have had merely the original entries (written in pencil and sometimes not entirely legible), and these are here reproduced almost word for word. It has seemed fitting to include the greater part of my brother's diary for 1864, both before and after his capture, and also to take a few extracts from an earlier diary, for the sake of bringing out the personality of the writer more clearly, and of making the record cover the entire period of his service in the army, from June, 1861, till September, 1864.

Five other members of his company were captured with him May 19. Four of them died in prison before he did, — Nathaniel Brindley, George Handy, Edward K. Holt, and Asa Rowe. Only one lived to return home, Lucius A. Wilder, whose name appears in the next to the last entry in the diary. Comrade Wilder and myself visited Andersonville last month, and he was able to locate the exact spot where the six friends passed the greater part of the time they were imprisoned there.

J. C. M.

April, 1910.

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DIARY OF SAMUEL MELVIN

Came to Fort Warren Monday the last of June (1861). Left Fort Warren Aug. 7, Wednesday night, at 9 o'clock. Co. left Boston and got to Providence at 4, took the "Commodore" for New York at 12, & arrived there at 12. Went to barracks & took breakfast, then went on a tour over the city. Got a revolver at 277 Broadway and gave $9.00 boot. Went over the ferry to Jersey, then to Philadelphia. Got there at 4 & went to the saloon for breakfast. Started for Baltimore at 6, got there at 12. Started for Washington at 4, got here at 9. Stopped in the building side of the railroad. Started for Camp Kalorama in a shower and got there in about 4 hours. Went up on a hill and lay in the rain all night. Pitched our tents and stayed one week, then went to Fort Albany. I was sick — lay on the ground just a week & am getting better.

Oct. 3. — Went to Washington with John. Visited the Capitol, Patent Office, Smithsonian Institution, Navy and War Depts, Treasury, Post Office, and the White House.

Oct. 16. — A visit from Gov. Andrew.

Nov. 15. — A review by Gov. Berry of N. H.

Nov. 20. — Went to a grand review at Kelly's Cross Roads. It was a splendid sight of Gen. McClellan, President & Staff. There were 90 regts. of infantry, 9 of cavalry, & 20 batteries, amounting to about 75,000.

Jan. 1, 1862. — Went to Washington & shook hands with the President at his reception.

Mar. 13. — Went to the city & got things for my electrical machine.

Mar. 27. — Got marching orders, struck our tents and tore everything to pieces. Fell in line at 9. The orders were countermanded, then we went as orders said to Ft. Barnard, pitched tents, & got orders to come back to Ft. Albany. Such a blessing as Col. gave us I never heard.[1] Then we fixed the barracks & pitched tents over [near] the quartermaster's, & then got orders to go in Co. H. barracks. The Col. took our colors away from us and gave them to us again.

April 17. — Got paid $24.00. Went to Arlington House and got an old battery.

April 19. — Went to Washington with G. D. Hayes & stopped over night. Bought an old battery from a dealer.

June 5. — Sent to Thomas Hall $22.09 for

Key	$3.00
Spring Register	15.00
2 Main Batteries	3.24
½ lb. mercury	.35
Hall's book on Telegraphy	.50
	$22.09

Received the above all safe June 16 with the present of a nice book from Hall. Also [received] the express bill, $1.00, which I sent the 18th.

[1] The colonel was a West Point graduate, and very strict. He was angry with the men for destroying the barracks, and took away their colors as a punishment, till they entirely repaired the damage.

Aug. 5. — Four years today since my father died. . . . We were visited by President Lincoln at Fort Albany. The boys were reviewed by him at Ft. Ward. Very hot, and many boys gave out.

On the night of the 10th some rascal stole from my pocket everything but my knife. I was very thankful for him to leave me that. The pocket book contained one ten dollar Treasury note, three dollar bills on the Bull Head bank, & 20¢ in change besides the quarter Caroline gave me in 1857, 2 rings & postage. They reached in the implement room window & took it. . . . Never mind, it is all for the country. But if I get hold of the man he will suffer 13 dollar's worth with good interest.

Aug. 26. — Got marching orders. Started at 9 o'clock and marched some 5 miles, and lay on the ground.

Aug. 27. — Page has the chills and I am afraid he can't march. I told him so, but he does n't mind. We marched about one mile into a fine grove where we rested. Learned that they are fighting at Manassas, & we started off. Page had gone off to lie down & I looked for him a long while. At last I found him very sick. I told Lt. Davis, & he sent the doctor. The doctor says Page must stay where [he] is, on the ground. I thought it very hard, but I put the blanket over him & with great sadness bade him good-bye. We marched a little beyond Fairfax C. H., halted, & flung all our knapsacks in a pile. We were all every way, bayonets unfixed & guns not loaded when over a hill we saw a part of a battery coming like —— with the guerrillas behind them. We all ran in the field in great confusion, loaded, fixed bayonets, & ran & formed in line of battle in the woods

where we now are, all on the ground. I must say I was sorry to leave Page behind. Stayed in line of battle all night & in the morning (28th) found they had got in our rear & taken Drs. Mason & Dana & three teams. The doctors were released. We found they were all around us & we must fight, so we prepared for the best. All the teamsters got on the horses to disguise [simulate ?] cavalry & they dare not attack us. Finally our company went on picket. We got two companies of cavalry. We found there was a large force around us & we prepared to fight our way back in the evening. Our company was rear guard. We got through all safe and reached Clouds Mills late at night & took our old tents. We lost H. Folsom. Riley prisoner also. McClellan's headquarters are within a few rods of us. He has gone and we have orders to march, no one knows where. We marched by Ft. Albany, over in the woods, & lay on the ground beyond Ft. Tillinghast.

Sunday, Aug. 31. — It rains and here we are at Fort Albany, home again & settled down.

Sept. 1. — Things are very lively here. It looks like Bull Run. The valley is full of teams, etc.

Sept. 4. — All of Banks's division passed by on the way to Harper's Ferry. There is a string of them as far as the eye can see in every direction. The road is full of troops and wagons.

Dec. 10. — Page promoted a corporal. . . .

March 23, 1863. — Sent to T. B. Peterson & Bro., Philadelphia, for "French without a Master."

Apr. 22. — Sent to Parsells for a Craig Microscope.

May 30. — Sent to Thomas Hall $18.70 for

6 Groves Batteries	$12.00
Silliman's Chemistry	2.00
Platers	1.00
2 lbs. copper wire	2.50
1 lb. mercury	.70

July 3.— Went to Ft. Whipple to see Lt. Dow. Was 15 minutes late for drill and was incarcerated and kept until the next morning, when I was released from durance.

Sept. 19.— Visited Dow and received a nice present from him — a large dictionary — which I shall always prize very much.

Sent a communication to the Chronicle.

. . . . . .

Went in the Hospital Sept. 30 and came out Oct. 10.

Tues. Oct. 9th, Bro. John went in the hospital sick with the dysentery. I was in the hospital at the time. I left the hospital the next morning. He was very sick. Doctor gave him opium — did no good. I was in to see him Sunday. He was asleep. Did not wake him. In to see him next morning, he was no better. I saw he was very sick. Went in at noon & he was no better. With the doctor's permission I gave him a recipe of Hunters. Took it all the afternoon and night every ½ hour. Did no good. Next morning, Oct. 13, saw he could not live long. I was on guard, but got excused to take care of him. In the afternoon saw there was no chance for him to get well. Spoke about sending for Caroline. He said he did not think it would pay under the circumstances. He told me the last letter Mother ever wrote him was in his box. He wished me to burn the rest of his letters. The doctor spoke to him about dying, but he did

not say much, he was so weak. He said he thought there was a chance for him to get well. He asked for the Chaplain, who came and prayed. Asa was present. He said he wanted me to stay with him and he thought I ought to have the privilege. The doctor said he should [have me with him]. The doctor told me he could not live until noon. I was with him all the time. Asa Rowe and C. B. Foster sat up with him. He failed very fast from the middle of the afternoon and died very easy at last at 11 o'clock at night.

Friday, Oct. 16, 1863. — . . . Got John's box & packed his things, burned his letters, put his blanket, dishes, overcoat, etc. in his box to wait until I hear from the folks. . . . Gave Asa one of John's rubber blankets. Went to see Capt. Preston. He sent $70 by me yesterday to settle John's accounts.

Wed., Oct. 28, 1863. — . . . Received a very nice diary from Dow, the best one I have ever seen. Went to Reg't'l drill. It is a grand and sublime scene to see a good regiment well dressed march along and keep perfectly in line with a good band, and Old Va. doth fairly tremble at the solid and firm tread of citizen soldiery.

Sat., Oct. 31. — Mustered by Colonel Tannatt for 2 months' pay. I noticed there was no John H. Melvin as usual.

Wed., Nov. 4, 1863. — Great excitement over re-enlistment. I did not [re-enlist] nor did Page. No drill. Page & I went to see Dow in the evening. . . . Rec'd letter from James with sprigs from Mother's & Father's graves.

Wed., Nov. 11, 1863. — George Cummings went home, also some others. . . .

Tuesday, Nov. 17. — Packed up my things, big book and all, put John's things in Hospital tent. Going to have a $50 Thanksgiving Dinner. Rec'd letter from Dow offering me a College Education.

Wed., Nov. 18. — . . . Moved in afternoon to Ft. Craig. I was left for guard.

Friday, Nov. 20. — . . . Lt. Hart, adjt., detailed me in the magazine. Excused from all duty but Sunday inspection. . . .

Thursday, Nov. 26. — This is Thanksgiving, and my principal enjoyment is in thinking it is the last one I shall have to pass in the Army.

Tuesday, Dec. 1. — Sent letter to James. . . . I got no sleep. Went to bed, but could not sleep in *Hell.* Got a table, just what I wanted. Have got my library out on it.

Saturday, Dec. 5. — Man is a social being, and rather than be alone he sometimes chooses [for friends] those he would not in social life at home. Yet I never have formed friendships that I should reject at home. . . . I was in a contemplative mood, and how sweet it was to see two intimate friends make up their beds, and lie down in close and sympathetic communion there. I refer to S. Holt and C. Burrows.

Sat., Dec. 12. — Went to City with Dow; had a good time. Bought Pope's Works, $1.25, & he got a book on Mythology. . . . Filled out the blank application & G. S. C. congratulated me as a F. & A. M. . . .

Thursday, Dec. 17. — Rained all day, did nothing. Wrote an essay on *Home.* Page on guard. How dreary such weather is! This is emblematic of the cloudy days of life.

Friday, Dec. 18. — Sent essay on *Home* to Caroline.

Sunday, Dec. 20. — Studied Masonry. . . . —— & —— played cards. I thought it rather rough for civilized folks in this Age of Light.

Friday, Dec. 25. — Today is Christmas. Today do we commemorate the birth of our Saviour. Today is the day for presents, but I have none, neither do I give any. Dow said he gave me my diary for a Christmas present, so I have one after all. . . .

Monday, Dec. 28. — Rained all day. Went to a dance, but did not dance. It made me homesick to see a dance going on. Never mind, next year at this time, if nothing happens, I will have a soft time then. Rec'd a letter from James. Made apple sauce.

Tuesday, Dec. 29. — Wrote a letter to James, & had a long talk with Charles Burrows on various topics. Charles and Sam are two good boys, and I hope will succeed well in life.

Wednesday, Dec. 30. — Asa went to city and got his pay as a Veteran Vol. — $103. . . . John —— came home inebriated. Oh what demoralization in the Army!

Thursday
Dec. 31st
1863
The Old Year
is Dying!

Today is the end of another year. The trials and troubles of another year are over, and we soon emerge on another time. With what emotions and impressions does the old year leave us! Here is a fit time to take a retrospective

view of the old year and see if we are living as we should, and to decide how to improve our time, and how to better live in the future.

The past year has brought to our hallowed circle of the family a serious change. The old year of '63 has borne along with its tide two of our beloved family. Soon after it came in, Feb. 7, it took into the spirit world our beloved Mother, and Bro. John, who was in good health at that time, did sorely lament her. Alas! the Archangel came with the old year and summoned him, Oct. 13, to a higher sphere of action. They have expired as regards this mortal existence, and now the old year is trembling on the verge of time before taking that leap in the dreamy future of which we know so little. With it has gone Bro. Berry, one who was a good old man to me, and one [with] whom I have spent many hours of pleasant and instructive conversation. But he has been permitted to go a little in advance of us all. In conclusion let us say that with the end of the old year, when it ceases, we will cease to do evil and learn to do well. . . .

Dance in our ambient-room, facetiously called a New Year's Ball. I witnessed it, but did not shake the hoof. Such is this world, — one man finds amusement in one thing, and another in something else. I am fond of dancing, think it is a very pretty amusement when it is conducted on the right principles.

Tonight I must close this book, which I bought in Waltham in 1859. I have not put many things down, but next year I shall be very punctilious and note [everything] in my new diary, which was a Christmas present from Dow. It is a good idea, and I cannot express the joy it afforded

me in looking over John's [diary] when he had passed to the Summer Land. Perhaps in some future day, after I shall have passed to the spirit life, some one may take as much pleasure in looking over this. Who can tell? But if I shall pass away ere another year, 't is all for the best. With this little remark I close my diary for 1863, leaving it to the fate of time.

Samuel Melvin
Co. "K" 1st. Mass. H. A.
Fort Craig, Va.

Friday, January 1, 1864. — Today we emerge on another New Year. The Old Year has departed, it has gone into eternity, and with it have vanished many pleasant reminiscences and many fond hopes. Many changes has it wrought — and sad ones, too. . . . What changes the year will make none but the Omniscient can tell. Where will I be next New Year's Day? With Dow in London, I hope.

Saturday, January 2, 1864. — Today is very cold indeed, but fair. Yesterday fifteen recruits came for Co. K. & 300 for the First Mass. Some of them look like fine young men, but I am very much afraid some of them will not be when they have been soldiers three years. Asa's furlough came and he starts for Concord with Mason. . . .

Sunday, January 3, 1864. — Went on inspection — my fingers almost froze. . . . Jan. 1st Col. Tannatt's H. Q. burned.

Monday, January 4, 1864. — Big snow storm, the first of the season. Received letters from ——, James, & Caroline. Caroline wants me to write something to be read at

her close of school after keeping 7 years, and Aunt Wheeler wants me to write for the Boston Journal. I guess they think me quite a literary character.

Tuesday, January 5, 1864. — Wrote a long letter to Caroline; sent her Bro. Berry's acrostic on my name. . . . Page is sick with the plaguy shakes again. I think it is a pity to see such virtuous men suffer so much. I spilt a dipper of coffee on Sergt. Wallace's head tonight. . . .

Thursday, January 7, 1864. — . . . Page still in hospital. I am quite lonely without him to eat with me. Rather poor boarding now, bread and coffee; still it is all nature requires.

Wednesday, January 13, 1864. — . . . Asa got home last Thursday. Sergt. went to Div. H. Q.

Thursday, January 14, 1864. —Worked all day packing up ammunition — pretty tired. . . . The Major came in here tonight — I entertained him as well as a private could. Received from Mrs. Emery one half of the biggest mince pie I ever saw.

Monday, January 18, 1864. — . . . Worked all the afternoon on Pat's pistol; put in a new spring. He gave me 50 cents & I believe that this is the first money, other than my pay, that I have earned since I came for a soldier.

Tuesday, January 19, 1864. — . . . Very bleak and cold. How glad I am to be so finely situated beside a snug fire, while I hear the wind whistle about the old bomb-proof. . . . Pat C. took my watch to sell — I am surely too honest to make a speculator. What an appalling catastrophe in Chili — 2000 human souls sent to the other world in 11 minutes.

Friday, January 22, 1864. — A corporal in Co. G. stripped

at dress parade for not answering Maj. Rolfe right. Orders read as regards boxes, &c. Every man is allowed a box in the army. Got some things for electroplating, and if I could get enough work I could make money like smoke. Set my battery up & gave the Sergt a shock. Went to bid Gould good-bye, his discharge came to-day. I am glad. Studied Elect., Metallurgy, Science.

Monday, January 25, 1864.—Plated a chain for John Welsh, put on a good plate. I am going to send for a quart of gold solution to T. Hall, 13 Bromfield St. My battery works first rate. Plated a hook for P. Connors.

Wednesday, January 27, 1864.—. . . Sent by Handy to T. Hall for one quart gold solution. Handy went home on a furlough of 30 days. S. B. fixed my axe on for me. Bully for him!

Thursday, January 28, 1864.—. . . Nothing to eat but bread. Rather rough living, but guess I can stand it.

Friday, January 29, 1864.—Plated Page's belt. Corp. McKay arrived home from Lawrence. . . . Orders read on Parade that Sunday morning Inspection will be Saturday at 10 o'clock. That is the most sensible order I ever knew Tannatt to issue.

Monday, February 1, 1864.—Received a letter from Dow telling me to look with good cheer 5 months ahead to the Metropolitan Chambers [London]. First plated a chain for Wheeler, and then the butt of a pistol for the sutler. Am going to plate the barrel, too. Asa came back from his furlough.

Tuesday, February 2, 1864.—Order read on Parade relieving all of Tannatt's staff officers, and appointing

John M. Dow to act as Regt. Adjutant. Worked all day trying to plate a pistol for the sutler; got all discouraged. Tried more than forty times, could not get it to go.

Wednesday, February 3, 1864. — Fussed all day with the sutler's pistol. It won't plate a bit. I never saw such a trial in my life.

Thursday, February 4, 1864. — Page gone to the city. Got Milton's *Paradise Lost* for 20¢. . . . I worked all day on the pistol; no success. I am about distracted. Made two new solutions; no success. Broke the jar of one of my batteries, and thus things go. Hobbs can't make my things work.

Friday, February 5, 1864. — Received from Mr. Newman a recommendation for almost anything. I am very much pleased with it. Worked all day on the pistol, but it is no go yet. Don't know what I shall do with the plaguy thing.

Saturday, February 6, 1864. — Fussed with the pistol. Came to the sublime conclusion that the battery is not strong enough, so I will get some more acid and try that.

Sunday, February 7, 1864. — Put on citizen's clothes to see how I would look. Did not know myself. Last night a train ran off the draw at Long Bridge; killed several and wounded several. . . . I wish I was a citizen and could wear the clothes.

Monday, February 8, 1864. — Sent to the city for one lb. of nitric acid. Worked on the old pistol. Great signs of success. Set up three of my batteries and I guess it will go now. I never had such a torment in my life, and hope I never shall again. . . . Asa and the veterans went to the city for their ration money; got $5.

Tuesday, February 9, 1864. — Finished the sutler's pistol. He paid me 75 cts. I had a heap of trouble with it, and poisoned my hand. It is pretty sore, but I am glad to get the job off my hands. Think I almost prefer the poison.

Wednesday, February 10, 1864. — I am thinking of the short duration of army life. I wish it was all over now, and I with Dow at the M. C. enjoying ourselves as it was intended we should. But I am of good cheer. All's for the best, I guess. I am trying to think so anyway.

Thursday, February 11, 1864. — . . . Ate for the first time in our mess house. Did not like it very much. . . . Looked over the cartridges, aired the primer & fuses. Page on guard, S. B. ill, and so things go.

Saturday, February 13, 1864. — Visit from Mr. Emery, quite a social talk with him. . . . Did not do much today. Had quite a discussion about the Blarney Stone. I said there was such a stone, they said there was not, but I think I will go and see for myself soon.

Wednesday, February 17, 1864. — . . . It is mighty cold, coldest weather of the winter. The guard house got on fire. . . . Page on guard. I must sleep alone. Am afraid I will sleep cold.

Thursday, February 18, 1864. — . . . Bomb-Proof got on fire last night. The men got up in the middle of the night to extinguish it, which they did at last. It is awful cold.

Friday, February 19, 1864. — . . . Inspection by Maj. Rolfe. He took a great shine to my library. Told Shatswell I was a well versed fellow. Shatswell says, "Yes, he is a good boy." Bully for him!

Saturday, February 20, 1864. — . . . Went to Handy's &

got a bottle of gold solution. It is mighty small. Charles spent the evening in here, and S. B. & Page. Tried some gold leaf with my acid; no effect. Put a shelf up for my apparatus. It looks much better.

Sunday, February 21, 1864. — Tried my gold solution. Did not dilute it and it did not go at all. Wrote to Hall to know about it, but found my mistake through Handy, so guess I am all right. Heard good words from Thomas Hall. I am pretty tired, but there is rest for the weary.

Monday, February 22, 1864. — Pay Rolls came, signed them. Plated a watch for Pat. Solution worked first rate. Mixed my gold solution and tried it. It does not work very well, but guess it will after a while.

Monday, February 29, 1864. — . . . Today is the last of the old winter, and one more muster will muster us where we wish to be — in civil life. The Co. received marching orders. No one knows where they are going.

Tuesday, March 1, 1864. — . . . Got a letter from Thomas Hall giving me advice on plating. Tried it and it goes first rate. How glad I am!

Thursday, March 10, 1864. — Rained all day. Plated three or four chains, etc., which took first rate. Tried my gold again, but it is no go, it is very dark.

Monday, March 14, 1864. — Took an account of all the stuff here. Last night orders read on parade that we are to be frequently called up in the night. I am glad they can't call me up but three months longer.

Tuesday, March 15, 1864. — Greased all the heavy guns. A detail of 40 men went to Ft. Strong to work on a road. Orders came for us to go to Ft. Tillinghast tomorrow morn-

ing. I asked them if I should go. They say not until the Sergt. comes back. . . . I am very sorry our Co. is going.

Wednesday, March 16, 1864. — . . . The Co. went to Tillinghast today. I stay here until the Sergt. gets back, and am assigned to Co. F. Today we made a splendid raid and got three full barrels of wood. It was very successful, considering the blood that was spilt. I don't like to go to Tillinghast very much.

Saturday, March 19, 1864. — Great excitement, the Rebs expected. I got three extra men and everything ready. Co. F. came in the fort and stopped all night. All lay on their arms.

Tuesday, March 22, 1864. — Great snow storm for this time of year. . . . So awful cold we did not do much, but kept a good fire.

Wednesday, March 23, 1864. — . . . Had 4 Corps., 1 Sergt., & 25 men report to me to shovel snow. One in Co. F. felt grieved, but I could not help his case any.

Thursday, March 24, 1864. — . . . They shoveled snow out of the fort all day. Worked on the two Parrott guns.

Friday, March 25, 1864. — O it is an awful rainy night! All I can say is I do thank my stars that I am not on guard. Tried my revolving magnet. Had a discussion on things in general & got pretty rily. Don't think much of the feeling any way.

Wednesday, March 30, 1864. — Rained and snowed all day. Went to see Page in evening. Things go very well indeed. I wish we could have better weather, it is so much more pleasant, and I want to get things looking well before the Sergt. gets back.

Saturday, April 2, 1864. — Sergt. came home about 1 o'clock all right. Came in very sudden, we did not expect him quite so soon. He is not very well. . . . Sergt. gave me a nice hat, which I will keep very choice. Mr. Emery gave me a mammoth half of one of Mrs. Emery's pies. Thank Mrs. Emery for it. Hope I will see her some time, then I can thank her myself.

Sunday, April 3, 1864. — Sergt. went to the Maj. to get me to stay with him, but could not get me, so at night S. & C. B. came with me and I came and reported to our Co. Left most of my things with the Sergt. . . . Don't like this place much, but with Page guess I can get along. 93 days left.

Monday, April 4, 1864. — Slept last night with Page. Got up in the morning and washed in a mud puddle. Don't think much of this fort or anything around it.

Tuesday, April 5, 1864. — On picket last night and I came near freezing. Sergt. Boardman with us, and we came in at 2 o'clock. I did enjoy turning in, I tell you.

Friday, April 8, 1864. —. . . Order for 60 men from each Co. on fatigue; good for the veterans, but not for me. Had an infantry drill in the afternoon, the first I have drilled in 6 months. I did not see as I was any greener than the rest of them.

Saturday, April 9, 1864. — On guard, and it is a very wet, stormy day, and I do not feel well at all. Think I should not stand it had I not been out of the Co. so much. Today is my birthday, 20 years today. When I am 20 more I will be quite old, will I not?

Tuesday, April 12, 1864. — On fatigue as usual, on the

roads today. Old guard fired in the afternoon. Had a chat with Maj. Holt. He gave me quite a compliment; said he would rather have me for an Ord. Sergt. than a certain one at Tillinghast. So far, so good.

Thursday, April 14, 1864. — The sentence of some of the prisoners read. One fellow got 8 years in the penitentiary; quite a sentence.

Monday, April 18, 1864. — Studied Natural Philosophy as usual. Asked for a pass to Washington.

Tuesday, April 19, 1864. — On fatigue as usual. . . . George Davis said he would like to go to England with me. If I were not engaged I think I might like to go with him. Studied Philosophy with Hills.

Wednesday, April 20, 1864. — Read the Encyclopædia, learned some new facts about Philosophy which I was glad to learn. Butter has gone up to 60 cts. That is rough, I think, for a soldier to pay. . . .

Wednesday, April 27, 1864. — Very sudden change in the weather, cold towards morning. Asa is sick, excused by the surgeon, post parade. S—— put in the guard house for making a mistake on parade.

Thursday, April 28, 1864. — E—— ran away from the guard. They started for him & some of Shepard's cavalry caught him and brought him back and made a spread eagle of him. Orders came for us to draw our camp and garrison equipage. This looks like moving, sure.

Saturday, April 30, 1864. — Inspection and muster by Col. Tannatt. Rec'd Silliman's Philosophy. It is first rate. I am much pleased with it.

Wednesday, May 4, 1864. — Came off guard this morn-

ing & slept most all of the forenoon after washing and shaving. Went on fatigue at 2 P. M. . . . Wrote to Prof. Benj. Silliman, Yale College, New Haven, Conn. . . . I like that kind of correspondence better than the silly newspaper gush.

Friday, May 6, 1864. — Battalion drill in the afternoon, 2½ hrs. Pretty hard for the first time. . . . Order from Gen. Meade to his army preparatory to a general movement.

Saturday, May 7, 1864. — News of the terrible battle that is going on in the Army of the Union [Potomac]. How earnestly the eyes of a gratified country are looking to the Army for a good victory, and how sure the soldiers are of doing them justice.

Sunday, May 8, 1864. — Inspected as usual. I am on the tables. Beans poor. . . . Good news from the Army of the Potomac. . . .

Tuesday, May 10, 1864. — Got excused at 6 from guard and went to Ft. Craig for Emery and we went over to the city. Had a very good time. I shall not go again until I am discharged. Sent in my card to Sen. Wilson, asking him for a McClellan report. He sent out one all done up.

Wednesday, May 11, 1864. — Rec'd letters from Caroline and Angie. James is sick with the scarlet fever.

Thursday, May 12, 1864. — Rained, not much fatigue in the forenoon. Drilled in the P. M. in a heavy rain. It is great, I think. Got our guns as wet as can be. . . . Page is on picket. I am sorry, but suppose he is good for it. Studied surveying with Hills. Like it first rate. Good news from the Army.

Friday, May 13, 1864. — Rained all day. No drill nor fatigue, only I got detailed in the fort to cap the ammuni-

tion. Got through after dark. . . . Good news from the Army. . . .

Saturday, May 14, 1864. — Orders for us to move. I am on guard as usual. Everybody is packed up. I got excused and went down to Ft. Craig and packed up my things, marked them for James and left them in charge of Sergt. Hayes. Wrote to Caroline. . . . We are going now into rough usage, I guess, but let it come. But if we go, I should like to return.

Sunday, May 15, 1864. — We left the fort at 12, took the boat at A[lexandria] at 4, ran down to the mouth of the creek and anchored until morning. It rained as hard as it could until we got to A., and we got as wet as we could.

Monday, May 16, 1864. — Landed at Potomac Creek, marched up on a high hill and pitched our tents. I slept first rate with Page. We got some potatoes and pork and made quite a good supper. . . . Dow is A. A. G. and I am a high private. Some of the boys wrote home. Ain't this a gay romantic life?

Tuesday, May 17, 1864. — Started from Belle Plain about 7 o'clock, marched through Fredericksburg to the Army of the Potomac. It was an awful march, but we stood it first rate. It was rough at first. Slept near the front all alone. Page & Hills are on the color guard. Heard firing, and it looks like hot work. Some of the boys wrote home, but I did not. This is a rough life, and one that I do not like, but I shall stand it like a man.

Wednesday, May 18, 1864. — Slept on the ground, don't know where it was. Did not sleep with Page and felt very cold. Started early in the morning for Hancock's right.

Stopped in the valley until about 10. Two shells came over among us and we started for the left. Saw lots of wounded, and saw the Drs. cutting them up. Saw one corpse lying in the road. It looks mighty rough. Rained in the P. M. Pitched camp & stopped all night. Slept well. Rained all night; kept dry. I expect an awful battle [was fought?] today. We were in hearing of it all day.

Thursday, May 19, 1864. — Struck our tents about noon, marched on quick time down a hill, then countermarched, lay on a hill, then went down and our battalion went after the Rebs. The fire was awful. I was taking Boardman to the rear. I had to leave him, and I saw the Rebs behind me. I surrendered. They did not fire, after. I got a horse to ride, and the provost guard took me. I could not wish to be better treated. I slept rough, but was truly thankful for my treatment. Sold my coffee for Conf. scrip.

Friday, May 20, 1864. — Slept on some rails, tough. The guard took me to the prisoners' camp. Slept all day. At night I was very much gratified upon the arrival of Rowe & Handy, and we staid up most all night. Rather small rations, but the Rebs give us as good as they can. I will be glad when this cruel war is over, but it must be fought to the bitter end. Saw Gen'l Lee. We are treated with great kindness by our captors. I am glad if our time is well spent, both to ourselves, our country, and our God.

Saturday, May 21, 1864. — No rations all day. Marched all day, started early, did not rest nor have anything to eat. It was indeed truly painful. Got to a little brook, piled down on the ground for the night. It was 7 miles from Beaver Dam, and such is the life of a prisoner in

the hands of the Rebels, but "while there is life there is hope." Here we are, Sunday morning, & how good some beans would go, such as we had last Sunday. But the time is not far distant, I hope & trust, when we can reap the rewards of life.

Sunday, May 22, 1864. — Started on our journey early in the morning without anything to eat. They did not march us very hard. Got down to the railroad about 3 o'clock, there we waited a long time. The guards were everlastingly kind to me. The station was on the V. C. R. R., 45 miles from R. Went to Gordonsville, got here about 11 o'clock. Turned in an old barn, got 1 pint of meal and 2 oz. of pork, all we have had since Friday morning, and after marching 35 and riding 40 miles.

Monday, May 23, 1864. — Left Gordonsville about noon. Rode on a platform car to Lynchburg, 90 miles. It was tough, but we stood it. The most we had to eat was cinders from the engine. We got in Lynchburg about 9 o'clock, marched about 1 mile to camp, & turned in with the blue canopy of Heaven for our shelter, as usual. We passed the Blue Ridge. It is a beautiful country, but not well cultivated. I shall be glad when we get to our journey's end, where we can get something to eat.

Tuesday, May 24, 1864. — Stopped at the camp all day. Had a smart shower, which wet us some. Got some rations. I ate quite hearty for a prisoner, and I felt like a new man altogether. I never knew what it was to be hungry before. I was so weak I could hardly stand. Oh how good a good meal would taste, such as I could get at home, but I must not dote on such things now. Some bread for

sale in camp for $1 a very small loaf. Very high. I did not buy any. Asa Rowe was sick, but is some better.

Wednesday, May 25, 1864. — Stopped as usual at the prisoners' camp. This is surely mighty dull. I sleep all day. The boys wrote home by flag of truce. They bring bread down to sell for $1 an ounce; rather tough. Some more prisoners arrived. I hope they will start us for Ga. today. Don't I wish I could see Page & Dow? Don't I wish I could stop in some of our New England farmhouses and get a cup of milk? But never mind, I am looking forth with strong anticipations for our time of exchange; then it will be like a new Heaven for me and my comrades.

Thursday, May 26, 1864. — Just one week today since I was taken prisoner. A strange, eventful week it has been, too. I stayed around camp all day, nothing of importance transpiring. Had a smart shower towards night; wet us some, but we got through it. . . . How strange a position we are in here. We are deprived of every solitary comfort of life, excepting thinking. That, no man can deprive us of. How glad [we will be] when we are released.

Friday, May 27, 1864. — Slept, or lay, very cold last night. Got up very early & cooked our rice. Just got it done when orders came to pack up and be off. Started about 6 o'clock from Lynchburg for Danville, packed in some box cars. It is about 150 miles and it took us 24 hours. Got to Danville Sat. morning. What a painful night we passed! No sleep, no place to lie down, nor scarcely to stand. No rations, and I think that Jordan is a hard road to travel.

Saturday, May 28, 1864. — Arrived in Danville, went to the prison (a tobacco warehouse). There I slept until most

night, then I went and washed, and about 5 o'clock we got a splendid ration of boiled ham and corn cake just from the oven. It was beautiful, and I ate very heartily, and felt like a new man altogether. Got another ration at night, of corn cake, and started in the cars for Georgia. Danville is quite a town for the sweet sunny South. I wish we could have stayed there one night, and got rested.

Sunday, May 29, 1864. — After riding all night and until 10 o'clock the next day, in a little box car, with 66 of us in it, with no sleep nor chance to sleep, we got to Greensboro, N. C., a distance of 48 miles. We came over a new military road. Then we got packed as thick as ever, in a hog car, all manure. Where they will take us to I do not know, but they say "It is good enough for the Yanks!" Rode over the N. C. R. until eight the next morning, when we arrived at Charlotte. We rode at a very swift pace, but not too fast to suit me, for I want to get to my place of destination.

Monday, May 30, 1864. — Arrived at Charlotte, N. C., about daybreak, where we got 2 days' rations, consisting of 7 hardtack and a small lot of bacon. We stopped until the next morning, then we started on the box cars for Augusta. We slept quite well, got some leaves and put our blankets over us. Such is the life of a prisoner of war. How I wish I was in Boston with Dow, both free men! But never mind, we shall enjoy ourselves so much the better when we do get home. I do think that we shall get exchanged by the 4th of July. If not, may the Powers help us!

Tuesday, May 31, 1864. — After riding all day and

until 11 at night we arrived at Columbia, S. C., where we were kept in the cars until morning. Got mighty hungry this time, and we went mighty slow from 6 in the morning until 11 at night, going 98 miles. Today is the last day of May, making our time of enlistment very short, but I am very much afraid that our time will not expire then. But how I do long for the time to come when we can be once more men and not beasts. But it is for our Country, and we must be willing to sacrifice the personal for the general good.

Wednesday, June 1, 1864. — Got some rations about noon and we were hungry enough to have them taste good. Started about 1 o'clock for Augusta. Met with an accident, two cars ran off the track. The men jumped off, and one of our men was killed, one had both legs broken, and many others were wounded. This is the first railroad accident I was ever in. One of our men was shot through both feet by the accidental discharge of a musket. How sad to think of the poor fellows so far away from home and kindred, to be so suddenly killed or severely wounded! We got to Augusta about daybreak, where we crossed, I expect, the Savannah River.

Thursday, June 2, 1864. — After staying in Augusta until about 3 P. M. and drawing rations, off we went for Americus, our destination. We were almost starved when I got 6 good loaves of soft bread for a silver half. Gave one to each of us and it tasted good indeed. Then we ate our ration of corn cake, for it was growing stale fast. After getting all of that in us we felt once more something like ourselves. We had a good car and a good place in it and

rode very well. I should like to hear from Dow and be released from durance.

Friday, June 3, 1864. — Arrived at Macon in the morning. It was quite a place. After travelling until noon we arrived at our camp Winder, Andersonville, Ga., where we were driven in next to the swamp. But Asa [Rowe] & [George] Handy bought a little lot on the hill for $4.50. I was very much pleased, for it is so much healthier. The camp contains about 6 acres. Capt. Wirz commands. Wrote to Caroline [1] for a box, as did the most of our boys. Wrote to Dow also. I hope the letters will go through, but I am afraid it will be a long time ere we get an answer. O dear me!

Saturday, June 4, 1864. — It rained most all day & we fared rather tough. Still we managed to live through it. Drew our rations late at night, some peas. Handy bought a rubber blanket for $5, which added much to our comfort. It is sad to see them carry the dead by into the dead house, a continual train of them all the time. How I hope that I shall live through it and be permitted to enjoy the true fruition of my life, which I have put so much confidence in and placed such bright anticipations upon! Still, if I die here I am sure that we shall die in a good cause, although in a brutal way.

Sunday, June 5, 1864. — Here we are in the same old pen. We fixed our habitation some and made it somewhat better. But then, O Lord! Hasten our release! Only think, if we

[1] This letter evidently came into our lines without unnecessary delay, as it was postmarked at City Point early in July, but for some unknown reason was not delivered until January, 1865.

were at the forts just one short month from today we should be honorably discharged. But how I regret, how I sigh to think of our deplorable condition. Still men have lived through rougher scenes than this, and if I take good care of myself, am very hopeful. But 't is sad to see the dead go out, 100 per day. I have been a little ill, the beans gave me a very bad state of the stomach, but I think I shall be better tomorrow. We look to our condition at the forts with as much joy as when there we did for a discharge, and more too.

Monday, June 6, 1864. — The same as usual. Staid in our humble dwelling most of the time. It is such. It is life, and that is all. My stomach felt very much better, and I am very thankful indeed. Asa Rowe is in a bad state, and we are all in a deplorable condition, still I guess that by being very prudent we will all get through it. There are millions of reports in camp relative to parole & exchange. I have come to the conclusion that we will be exchanged when the summer campaign is over, which I hope and trust will be in about three months after my time is out.

Tuesday, June 7, 1864. — Awful hot in the A. M. but we had a very cool shower in the P. M., which would have been very desirable had we had a good shelter. We managed to get a pint of rice for my 40 cts. and it went first rate and made me feel better. We are having good reports from our Army but can't believe any of them. There seem to be no signs for an exchange at all until the summer campaign is over, and I hope that will end with the downfall of Richmond. My stomach has got regulated once more & I feel encouraged. My whole thoughts are on the joy

we will have when we get in sight of our little starry banner. O how I would like to see it once more!

Wednesday, June 8, 1864.—Stopped as usual in our old shanty. The day was quite oppressive, but toward night it was more salubrious. We drew raw rations and no wood, but by the kindness of Handy we had a little wood. Sold our rations of meat for a pint of rice, which Asa and I ate to grand advantage because it is so easily digested. I made a grand raid and got a big plate of cooked rice which did us "*roots*." While trying to make the first one we were fired upon by the quartermaster; no one hurt. A new squad of recruits came from Charleston. I am feeling first rate today and begin to feel quite encouraged. All of us are convalescent, I believe.

Thursday, June 9, 1864.—The first sound of humanity reached our ears this morning in an order allowing us to go for wood if we take our oath not to escape. The prelude was, "Wishing to do all in our power to alleviate the sufferings of prisoner's life." Asa & I ate our rice and as usual it was good. We talked of getting our ration of meat turned into molasses, which we can do by giving $2 a quart for the latter. Drew cooked rations. Learned from a reliable prisoner that Butler is relieved from the exchange commission & Smith is in his place. That is good, the first bright star that we have seen since our imprisonment. Feel first rate but weak.

Friday, June 10, 1864.—Things go on about the same way. Had a small bannock for breakfast. At night we got a little molasses and made some mush. It went first rate and set well. Our squad got raw rations and no wood. We

sold our meat and got quite a fund. Molasses is $8 a gallon & butter $4 per pound. Little did I ever think I would pay such prices. Handy, Asa, & I entered partnership. Handy is Treasurer. My principal thoughts and hopes and fears are that my friend Dow will get killed or not be able to fulfill his promises with me.

Saturday, June 11, 1864.—Had quite a rain and with our humble shelter it was no desirable thing. We got $3 worth of molasses in a quart cup and had some bread and molasses. Handy dealt it out by the spoonful, and Asa took four, so he owes us a spoonful of molasses. Now we see what makes a thing good. We think as much of a spoonful of molasses here as we would of a gallon at home, and it costs about as much. O how I would like to see some prisoners go home! It would bring such joy to us. Tongue nor pen can never describe our privations here, nor our joy when we arrive in Wash. free from our enemies. O how bad it seems to be kept here after our time expires!

Sunday, June 12, 1864.—With Nat's shirt made quite a good addition to our shanty, but there was need enough of it, for we had an awful night of rain. Handy had a rough time. It stormed all night. Had a ration of hot corn bread and we finished our molasses, 8 spoonfuls apiece for $3. We can't stand that. Got $1 worth of butter, ¼ of a pound. It went first rate, but at home we would not have looked at it. Great rumors in camp about our parole. O Lord, if they were only true, how joyful we would have been! But still we know that the time must come some time. How true, if not for hope the heart would break!

Monday, June 13, 1864.—Came on cold and rainy today.

"When the birds cannot show a dry feather,
Bring Aunt with her cans & Marm with her pans
And we 'll all be unhappy together."

This is very applicable to our situation, for it rained all day, and cold it was indeed. At night we almost froze. I never saw such cold weather in the North. You can see our breath as though it was frosty. Had some mush for breakfast, and bread for supper, and crouched down in our old blanket. It is very painful. Still all our happiness in this and in the other world also, is comparative. We see those around wounded & without any shelter, & compared with them we are well off. Rumor says Gen. Winder took command here. Rumor afloat of exchange.

Tuesday, June 14, 1864.—Another very wet day for us. Handy had the shakes. He bought a blanket for $5 and slept quite warm. Got our rations very late. Sold our ham as usual. One of our mess "passed to the Summer Land" last night. They are dying very fast. Grand reports about exchange and parole. Would to God they were true! I do think that we will not have to stay in here long, it is not just treatment from our Gov. Since this cold weather I feel much better. Corn meal gives me the diarrhœa again. O how glad I shall be when I see the little starry flag again!

Wednesday, June 15, 1864.—Took off the ring S. B. gave me, put it on again. 1100 prisoners arrived. Joe Learned and Sam Morrison from our Co. O how sad are the reports from our regt! 53 from Co. K. killed, wounded, and missing, in the battle of the 19th, when we were taken; 11 killed, and 814 out of the regt. Gen'l Meade issued a

congratulatory order to the artillery brigade on the fight of the 19th of May. O how glad I was to learn that Dow and Page were all right up to the 2d of June. I was painfully grieved when they told me that Dow felt very badly when he learned my fate. He came to the Co. and enquired for me of Joe. There is a TRUE friend, & if he will go home in July and wait until I come, it will be the happiest moment of my life, and I pray to God that such may be the case. How I hope Dow will get my letter, but I am afraid he will not. [Lucius A.] Wilder went to stop with Learned & M. Got the diarrhœa.

Thursday, June 16, 1864. — Another large squad of Yanks came in. Did not see any from our Regt., but learned that ours had been badly cut up while charging the enemy's works on the 3d of June. I feel for the Regt., and very specially for the old members. My stomach is not right yet. Did not eat anything but rice, and had a severe day. Rumors that 28 transports are on the way for us from Ft. Monroe to Savannah. Felt quite encouraged, but can't quite give it credence. Rained in the afternoon and night. Drew some wood. Handy had his salt and spoon stolen. He has the shakes. O I sigh for liberty!

Friday, June 17, 1864. — The immortal 17th has arrived, memorable for the battle of Bunker Hill, but it brings no joy for me. All is sadness and sorrow, but I live in hopes of better things, and when they come, Glory! Rained all day as it has for the past week. My diarrhœa is no better, but it is not very bad, so I am not alarmed about it yet. Lived on rice. How I *do* want to see and hear from my friends. . . . My thoughts in the day and my dreams in

the night are nothing but my liberty, my liberty. Ten thousand times a day do I think of my engagement to go to England. If I can't enjoy life after this, I am not sentient.

Saturday, June 18, 1864. — Another stormy day. Nothing of importance going on. My diarrhœa is some better. Joe L. went to the doctor. The doctor said it was a shame to keep us here so, and so it *is* truly. Pen nor tongue can never tell the agony of mind that I and some of my party endure. Here we are with no alternative but to crouch under a low blanket and think from morn till night of our deplorable condition, & from night till morn it occupies our dreaming hours. What a recreation any employment for the mind even would be, but all I can think of is, "Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time, & bring the welcome day."

Sunday, June 19, 1864. — June 16th some more of the 1st Mass. came in & report that C. Berry was severely wounded. Joe & Sam are quite sick with the diarrhœa, and thus things go. Handy had his salt and bag taken from him by force by the raiders. There is the greatest set of robbers in here I ever imagined could be got together in one place. Another lot of Yanks came in from the Western Army. Handy is quite ill, and we all feel very weak and bad. Still we must try to keep up good spunk. I think one month more will take us to the land of the free. Had quite a fair day, heavy shower in the P. M. Our men divided into squads of 16 [*or* 10 ?] — much better way.

Monday, June 20, 1864. — . . . The best report yet in the N. Y. Herald that we are to be paroled between the 7th & 17th of July. I place the most confidence in it of any. I felt the best of any yet, — all of us are better. Rained P. M.

Tuesday, June 21, 1864. — Felt quite smart, stirred around some. The sun was very scorching. . . . I took charge of our squad. Sold 15 cts. worth of rations. Apples, plums, cucumbers, etc., have been in camp for several days. One man shot because he accidentally got over the dead-line. Nat is quite sick, the rest of us are getting along well. Report says that the Negro question is settled. Small squad of Yanks came in from the Occidental Army, Gen'l Sturgis. He is the one that had command of us on the Fairfax trot. Every nap we all dream of home.

Wednesday, June 22, 1864. — Strange to say we did not have any rain. The weather is very hot and oppressive. All we got to eat was a pint of unsalted, uncooked mush. O it does seem rough, inhuman, and unjust to keep us here! If they would only take us back to the place where I first saw the light, the happiest souls on earth we would be! . . . Dreamed last night that James was dead, & I put some confidence in it, but hope it is not so. I can't write more, for I am thinking of things far away.

Thursday, June 23, 1864. — No rain today. A small squad of recruits came, a lot of H. A. Saw two of our regt's knapsacks, one of Co. K., No. 26. It looked natural enough. Some of the squads got fresh beef, but it was rough stuff. Had some soup for supper, did not like it. Sold one ration of bread and got some meal. More rumors of an exchange. Wish they were true & think some of them must be. How I would prize life if only once more set free or back at the old fort! O how good those blackberries and sugar, and nice soft bread and butter would go! How often we think of such things when once deprived of them. When we

are *men* once more, we can then appreciate life. Here we are deprived of almost life itself.

Friday, June 24, 1864. — Today my mind wanders back 3 years, when at 12 o'clock I left Lawrence for Fort Warren. 3 years ago today the immortal 14th went into camp. 3 years ago today I left my friends and kindred, mother and James, & more especially my L. friends. My mind still clings to the shady streets of L., and the many fine times I have had there. But now all is different, no joy nor gladness is left. Perhaps too I might refer to my soldier comrades who now lie buried in the cold ground, some even without a covering. How many, alas, have perished since 6 weeks next Sunday. Awful hot. Nothing of importance is going on, the same dull deplorable life. Diarrhœa again. How good a word from friends would be!

Saturday, June 25, 1864. — Very hot, no rain, rations very late. I lived on bread, could not sell my meat. Put some meal to soak for beer. Joe sold his pailful quick. Sam is in poor spirits, but I am getting as well as could be expected. But then, I am almost distracted, for things are dubious here indeed, and all we have to console us is to hope for better things. The seeming joy is great, that I have in thinking of the joy that I will have when I see the Stars & Stripes, for then I soon will see my friends. Orders came to give back the money taken from old prisoners. That is [a] good indication, but money nor anything can ever compensate us for one week's stop here.

Sunday, June 26, 1864. — The best move yet. Joe Learned came up here, making it much more pleasant for us all. A very small lot of Yanks came in from Sherman's

Army. The weather is very hot, & were it not for the hopes of the future our hearts would break. Got mush and meal, very good for this accursed land. The letters stopped going, for what reason we know not. No arrivals from Grant's Army for a long time, hope there will be no more from any army. Such living as we get here is heart rending. How we would like to step into the Pearl eating-house, cor. Milk St., or Marston's, Brattle St.

Monday, June 27, 1864. — Saw a little of a piece entitled "The Goal of Thought," by Joseph E. Peck, in the Repository. Thought the little I saw was beautiful. Nothing of importance going on. Some 1000 Yanks came in. Some brought good news, and some bad. Rumors still fly as regards our exchange. We met with a great loss, it was our knife, & it is very inconvenient to get along cooking and cutting wood with our fingers. As for eating, we can eat with our fingers first rate now. Joe is quite ague-y. . . . I have made my mind up on going home next month, so sure that I feel quite easy, but if next month does not release us, O God, I would I never had been born!

Tuesday, June 28, 1864. — Had a good shower which made it quite comfortable for a season. A large lot of Yanks came in, about 1000. I am about discouraged. Only think, if we only had staid at the forts, only one short week from today our time would be out, and that long wished for period would have come, and I should have been the happiest of men. Now I might say I am quite the reverse. Only one week more, oh how good it sounds! But now the future looks gloomy. Otherwise Dow and I would have

been going home together. Now it will be otherwise, and perhaps one of us never will go home. But we will look as well as we can on the dark and gloomy picture.

Wednesday, June 29, 1864. — Quite an excitement about raiders. Took 14 of them out, and the Capt. [Wirz] says he will do what we say with them. But one thing is bad for us — we got no rations, and on as small rations as we get, it is no fun. A great squad of Yanks came in, bringing all sorts of news. I wish some of it was true. Had a good shower. Drew 4 spoonfuls of salt for 15 men; that's great! Handy and I got caught in a shower and enjoyed a stranger's hospitality. Was thinking all day, if we were only at the forts, the order would be read today for the inspection and muster tomorrow. How I looked [forward] last muster, to tomorrow's. Oh! How I doted upon it! But my hopes are vanished, & I am sad. If I were only out of this I would give all the money I ever saw.

Thursday, June 30, 1864. — Not as hot as usual, cloudy, no rain. Did not get anything but a little mush and meal for 2 days. It is rough, it is bad, and to me it is almost unsupportable. How rough it is to serve our Country through so many privations for 3 long years, then, instead of going to that longed-for home of joy & happiness, be put in this pen of insatiate misery, without one consoling thought even. If anybody was ever miserable, I am since coming here. Only 5 days more, then I was expecting to enjoy life as hugely as any man could. Got out lots of raiders and tried them by court-martial.

Friday, July 1, 1864. — O dear! Ain't this a tough life? July has come, & instead of bringing its anticipated joys,

woes as intense have followed it. But why keep sighing? Because I can't help it.

Moved in the new stockade, and are some better situated because the pen is a little larger. From 49 to 98 detachments moved. I made some mush for supper, put the meal in before the water boiled & it raised fits with me. Had some fresh made for tomorrow's breakfast. Bought a spoonful of w. sugar for 25¢. Lost the comb that belonged to John. Was very sorry indeed.

Saturday, July 2, 1864.—Here we are at this late day still living on corn meal and water. Handy had a chill again. . . . H., L., & I have got a bad diarrhœa again, making us feel quite blue. Made a broth out of a bone, & had some fresh meat, but I, nor any one else, could live on the rations, & in the pen. More rumors of an exchange. O dear, O dear, were they only true! I am thinking of the time I would be now having on my way home, were I in the forts where I expected to be. How true — we know not what an hour may bring forth! But one thing [is certain], this can't always last, and when it ends I'll make it up.

Sunday, July 3, 1864.—Only think, tomorrow is the immortal 4th. If I were only in Boston my joy would be unspeakable. I can't imagine the joy if Dow and I were there, free and accepted, in all things as well as Masonry. There is no difference here, one day from another, and I played a game of cards, not thinking it was the day it is. My bowels are bad yet. The guard killed a crazy man for getting over the dead-line. Had two roll-calls and no rations at all. My stars, what a fuss there would have been at the forts, if we had gone day after day with no rations! But here

we stand anything. What shall I write tomorrow, and the 5th?

Monday, July 4, 1864. — This has been a curious 4th to me, and it has to us all, I guess. Not a sign of any celebration, but no rations. They took the detachments off and changed ours to the 51st. More rumors of an exchange. Would to God they were true! Had a smart shower, got all wet. Got cold in the night and had a touch of ague. This is my 4th Fourth of July in the Army. 3 years ago today I was on guard for the first time at Fort Warren & saw the fireworks at Boston. One year [ago] today we had a good dinner and time in the tent at Fort Albany. I came out of the G. H. for seeing Dow 2 yrs (ago) today. I was with Dow at Albany, went off berrying with him. Thus time has passed with me. O dear, I am discouraged!

Tuesday, July 5, 1864. — O for the Promethean eloquence of Demosthenes or Cicero! Today is the day longed for by me so ardently for the two long years that 's past, and indeed it would have been to me a second Advent. But now it brings us no consolation or joy, for it does not send us to our friends at home. How long must we stay here? None but the functionaries at Washington can tell. But why be forever sorrowing because I cannot find joy? My faith in rumors is played out, for they say that Richmond is taken. I felt very badly with the headache and diarrhœa, but think I am better. Rowe is very sick with it. I went to see the doctor, but there was none. Fixed the tent, so it goes very well. O the friends I love!

Wednesday, July 6, 1864. — Here I am a citizen, & a sad position it is for me; but I must cheer up or the despond-

ency will bring disease. Joe went after the rations & was taken very sick, but got better before night. This is the roughest pen that ever civilized man was put in. Here all is bestial, just like a hog pen, & hogs we must be, for like hogs we live, like hogs we act. Once in a while a good soul shines like a beacon-light ahead. Would not I like to be on my way home now with Dow? I guess yes. It would be the most intense joy I can think of or imagine. But I will be with him soon, I hope.

Thursday, July 7, 1864. — Today is the day for us to start for home, & it was as I feared, no go. Can't place one bit of confidence in rumors & never shall again while in here. I have now made up my mind to stop until Richmond is captured, & then I think something will be done for us. I have got a very bad cold and a touch of the dumb ague, making this prison life not very pleasant. I dreamed last night of being paroled and seeing Dow, and the disappointment when I awoke & found myself still in Hell! — I have given up all hopes of hearing from home, likewise of their hearing from me. But while there is life there is hope, and that consoles me.

Friday, July 8, 1864. — One year ago we were in first rate quarters in the tents at Albany, and we had as good living as we cared about. The blackberries and sugar never gave out, and we used to eat about a quart apiece. Morning, night, & at dinner we had a good meal from the cook house. Three times a week we had plum-duff. My tent had a nice cool cellar, & we had a large stone jar which we kept full of good butter. Then we had a pint of milk morning and evening in our coffee, making it like home, it seems

now. H. had a shake, got over it well. I was quite sick with the cold I have. A few prisoners came, no signs of any going out. I think now of staying until cool weather.

Saturday, July 9, 1864. — Sad, sad news from our Co. & Regt. A lot of prisoners came in, & with them that good man, Mr. M. Emery of Co. F. He is not well. I am glad and sorry to see him. He is the most congenial friend I have in here yet. I learn that Page is slightly wounded, but all right and safe. Bro. Dow slightly [wounded] in the foot. Dow still keeps in the field. I wish he would go home! Some of our Co. are on the way here. McKay is Ord. of our Co., & there are but 12 or 15 for duty. Cop. Collins is dead, and one of the Hunters, & O, I sadly deplore the surviving one's fate! I will not write much until our boys come in. 30 of F. were captured. After hearing of the Co.'s fate I don't know but I am in luck. I am glad to hear that Page is safe, & I think Dow will now be out of danger.

Sunday, July 10, 1864. — Today, sad news indeed I must record. I learn by Bridges that Bro. Asa was shot through the heart while charging the breastworks at Petersburg, June 16, 1864. B. got to him just in season to stop some officers robbing his pockets. B. took his pocket-book containing $14.62 & a few stamps, and his Bible, and gave them to the Chaplain. That is consoling. Copl. Wm. Hills died with the diarrhœa. He was a good boy, and a friend to me. It is sad, it is sad, but I still have faith in my belief, & find relief therein. . . . I am mighty glad to learn that Dow has gone home & knows where I am.

Monday, July 11, 1864. — Today I saw six victims hung for murdering their fellow-prisoners. They are the first ones

I ever saw hung. They call them raiders. One rope broke. Mr. Emery stayed here in the daytime, & picked up where he could at night. Fry, the two Sheehans, Wiggin, Bridges, Voigt & Jackson from our regt. came in yesterday. More rumors of an exchange on the 16th inst. O if it were true! A man said he saw it in the Wash. Chronicle. How I want to get home and see my folks while I have some to see! Now Asa is gone, if James has not survived, I am left alone. But I think James lived if he had care.

Tuesday, July 12, 1864.—One day more has passed, thank God, and it must bring us nearer the Welcome Day. More of our reg't. came in; lots from Co. F. Emery got in with a stranger. I am very glad of it. Well, if things go right, & I don't fear much but they will, I shall consider myself very lucky. To have things go right, I shall get out of here this, or early next month, find Dow all right waiting for me, & then, after settling the things at home, I will start on our life's journey. How I long for liberty! How sick I am of corn meal! O! how good it would seem even now to go to some good swill-pail and fill ourselves! I wait in hopes.

Wednesday, July 13, 1864.—One more day has gone & brings us no relief. Still, if we live, *Time* must bring the welcome day. It will bring us out of the miry pit & set our feet upon a rock, & then what happy mortals we will be! But we are waiting, patiently waiting, waiting for the prison gates to be opened & for Abraham to say, "Come." Then will we bless our stars and return to our beloved friends at home. What a glorious meeting it will be! How I would like to meet Dow in the Astor House or in Boston! God grant that things will work for our good & that we

may be permitted to spend the life of pleasure and enjoyment together that we have doted on so much!

Thursday, July 14, 1864. — Not so hot as usual, but things go bad. As for exchange or parole, I am about played out hoping for such a thing. The Sergt's went to see the Capt. [Wirz], and he told them he would shell us till not a man was left if any attempt was made to break out. O dear, has Dow patience to wait for me? If I have patience to wait in this pen, I think he ought to have. But I am waiting, waiting, waiting, with *patience*. Emery is better. I am glad of it. I am not very sick, nor very well yet. I have continually had the diarrhœa, & for the last few weeks I have had a bad cold, making me not very chipper. O God! Deliver us from this prison!

Friday, July 15, 1864.— Saw a petition they are getting up to send to our Gov. I hope they will send it, for it cannot do harm, & if it will do good, for the sake of humanity send it along. I am not very well and never shall be while they keep me in here. I do think that this is not fair for us to be kept here. It is unjust, for the sake of humanity, or Christianity, or anything that pretends to be civilized and much more *Enlightened*. O do not boast of your enlightened age! Away, away, while such suffering and misery are going on! This, this is shameful — it is disgraceful — & here let it rest. — The weather is quite cool & all goes wrong, but Time must release us, and that is all I look for to do anything for us.

Saturday, July 16, 1864. — Did not write till near night, for I felt very badly. Went to the Dr. & he did not see me, for Joe could not wait for me. I am about discouraged. O

dear, I am so sick of this corn meal! The sight of it makes me sick. O how I would prize some good bread and milk! What a thrill of feeling it would send through my whole being!

[Note. — Up to this time, every page of the diary has been filled to the last line. Nearly half of the page devoted to July 16 has been left unwritten upon, and very little appears upon the pages for the seven days next following.]

Sunday, July 17, 1864. — Went to the Doctor. He prescribed some diarrhœa & cough medicine, but the cough medicine got spilled, so it did me no good, no good. I am in a bad condition, nothing but water passes me, & no appetite for anything we see here at all. This corn meal is awful sickening. It is too bad, too bad, but such is the case. O God! The man that will take me out of this I will call him "Prince of Kings & Lord of Lords." He to me will be a true Redeemer, I think, in every sense of the word.

Monday, July 18, 1864. — Lay on my back in the tent in the dirt all day, pretty sick. This is hard, indeed, but I don't see but what we must stand it. How I wish Dow would come down to see me as he did at Albany when he heard I was sick. But if I only live to see it through, I think it will be all right. The weather is quite cool today, with some rain.

Tuesday, July 19, 1864. — Felt quite blue. My stomach is no better, but I got a biscuit for breakfast, and some flour gruel for breakfast and supper. It did no good, only temporarily. Mr. Emery sold my meat for 20¢. Good news from Sherman, & I am satisfied that Kilpatrick is on a raid for us & I put a great deal of confidence [Here a wavering

mark indicates that the writer's hand lost control of his pencil.]

Wednesday, July 20, 1864. — I felt some better, but not quite well. The rebels are throwing up breast-works as fast as they —

Thursday, July 21, 1864. — Felt some better, but nothing but water passes me yet.

Friday, July 22, 1864. — Here we are, still in the same place. . . . Did not eat much.

Saturday, July 23, 1864. — Lay very cold. The weather looks like the melancholy days, & it puts me in mind of Fall, & that it was time something was done for us. A man in Co. F. died today. Drew 4 spoonfuls of rice.

Sunday, July 24, 1864. — Well, here we are, but I am feeling better and am therefore in some better spirits. It is rumored that Atlanta is taken, and I guess it is. Grant seems not to be doing much & we are still here. The weather is so cold that we come near freezing, but it makes us feel better. It gives me an appetite for a good hot breakfast. But every day brings us one day nearer our release. I do hope we will not be forgotten, for our Gov., I think, after this campaign is over, will turn an eye towards us. Joe Hayden, Co. M., is sick, Emery is worse, and thus things go, but I am sure that the best of all is to keep a stiff upper lip.

Monday, July 25, 1864. — Felt better and am encouraged. Think I shall stand it, but it is rough indeed. Emery is getting worse, and Handy too. The weather is some warmer and we did not freeze at night. A fellow in Co. G. died at 8 this evening through mere discouragement. That heart-sickness, only known to the young men like us, can never

be imagined until it has been endured. I am afraid there is a long stop for us in here, too. I see no signs of getting out of it, & it is heart-rending indeed, but here I am. I got my turn for water today for the first time. We have drawn [no] rice for two days, & no salt. That is tough.

Tuesday, July 26, 1864. — Emery sent in an application for himself to go out shoemaking, and also for me. I do hope we shall both be successful and get where we can enjoy life a little. Another fellow in our detachment died, and thus things go. I consider [that] as my time is out and my contract fulfilled, it is the duty of the Gov. to release me, and if they don't do something for me, I must try and do something for myself. If I can get out on parole of honor, I shall do it, & shall think it no harm. I wish I could ask Dow's opinion on it. I would abide by that.

Wednesday, July 27, 1864. — Ate some fried doughnuts for breakfast, & it made me sick enough. In the afternoon I had an old visitor in the shape of a chill. How I thought of Page, for I have seen him the sickest with the shakes of any man I ever saw. This is a rough place for such things, & they are bad enough anywhere. Emery & I had a wash all over, and it did feel good and do us good. I hope we will be fortunate enough to get up to Macon. O how glorious it would seem, and how glorious it would be! . . . A man [was] shot dead for stepping over the dead-line. I call that murder.

Thursday, July 28, 1864. — I felt very well indeed, but a little weak. Nothing of importance has transpired. Joe is a little ailing, but guess [it is] nothing serious. Emery is the same. I am very sorry he does not gain. Hope he will get

out to work on shoes, and do something for himself, for I do consider it his duty to. I wish I could do something outside. How quick I would go, and should do it conscientiously too, for I have fulfilled my contract with the government by serving them faithfully for three years.

Friday, July 29, 1864. — Today instead of having a chill, I had a very curious disease. I was paralyzed and could not move, & in great agony for a while. I think it is very strange, . . . but it prevented a chill. I got a little salt for Emery. Neeley cut my hair, & I washed all over. I traded four rations of pork for molasses and got quite a supper.

Saturday, July 30, 1864. — I felt first-rate in the morning, but in the afternoon I got down flat again, and no one to get the water. Handy went after some and got down too. I traded Holt's canteen for a bucket that holds four quarts. I hope that we can manage not to suffer now, but suppose that it will be as hard as ever. Good stories about a parole, and I think some of them are true. I sadly regret that I did not join the F. & A. M. when I thought of it.

Sunday, July 31, 1864. — I am sorry to find Emery in so bad a condition. If he does not get better soon he never will. Good news about an exchange — I am putting some confidence in it, too. I felt well in the morning, but in the afternoon I had another of those cursed shakes. How painful it must be, those can imagine that have had them. I thought of Dow, I can assure you, and Page and every friend I ever had. Can't get any medicine, & I must stand and bear it. I am in hopes of a speedy release now.

Monday, Aug. 1, 1864. — Did not feel very well in the morning, & was favored with a good shake in the afternoon.

Went down and washed in the morning, & got my water. A rebel minister was preaching & said we would be paroled immediately.

Tuesday, Aug. 2, 1864. — Had another chill as usual, but it was not so hard as usual, but hard enough to make me think of my friends if I ever had any. . . . I often think of what I now call the friends of Co. K., and I now look back to those happy times of social talk &c. Our quarters were good, and food, with what we could buy, was good. The stories say we are not to stay here long, & if the Devil will get me out of this I will worship him, for I am discouraged. . . .

Wednesday, Aug. 3, 1864. — Did not have a chill or shake this afternoon and felt quite encouraged. I am afraid that I am ill with the scurvy. Went to see the doctors, but did not [see them.] What a crowd of sick! They take them to the depot, and where they take them is a mystery. They say they take them to Hilton Head, S. C. I am glad if it is so, but I [distrust] such good news. Emery is very ill. I cooked him some rice, but he could not use it. He has not eaten anything to-day. I long to see my folks.

Thursday, Aug. 4, 1864. — Made some [An illegible word or part of a word follows, — perhaps "rice," — and the rest of the page is blank. The pages for Friday and Saturday are wholly blank.]

Sunday, Aug. 7, 1864. — I have been very sick with the diarrhœa again, all of a sudden. I was called up 30 times in 24 hours. Rather tough, that, but I am glad to say that I ate some corn-bread and it went very well, & I think the change was good. Have not seen Emery for a day or two.

No sick went out today. Gen. W. had telegraphic orders for an exchange of us. Only think, three years ago today at 9 o'clock we left Fort Warren. Uncle John followed us to the depot, and at twelve we started. Then we (John & I) were in good spirits. Now he has gone, and I am about as badly off.

Monday, August 8, 1864. — Felt bad in the morning. Bridges made me a lot of rice soup and of course ate what I left. Had rain in the afternoon and we got pretty wet. I sold 2 rations of pork to a F. & A. M. for 20 ¢. Was glad to get the chance. I wish I was an honorable member of that F., but such is not the case. O how I want to get out from here! Here I lie and wallow in the dirt from morning till night. O God, if I could only get inside our lines how happy I should be! We drew wood. I gave up my mess when I was sick. Rumors of an exchange. Am afraid it [will be] long ere I see my home.

Tuesday, August 9, 1864. — Had an awful shower in the afternoon and we all got very wet, and a rough night we had too, in the mud and dirt. O dear, if such is life, I wish for it no more! Emery is very badly off and will not live but a short time, I am afraid. I do wish I could do something for him, but can't. My feet and face swell some, and what in the world is going to become of us is more than I know. Did not draw any ration. Some of the stockade fell in. How are you, Dow, Page, sisters, and my only brother?

Wednesday, August 10, 1864. — Asa Rowe died this afternoon, and was carried out and buried with the rest of the poor prisoners. I am sorry that he must so end his life, but

it was so ordered to be. . . . I heard that Emery is dead, and am sorry if such is the case. I shall go in the morning to see him, and as I am feeling better I will try to take care of him some. We have had showers every day for three days, & awful bad it is too, but such is the prisoner's life. O I heard from the W. Chronicle that we are go—

Thursday, August 11, 1864. — Felt quite well for me here. Went after water in the morning and was most exhausted. Found Emery quite smart to what I expected, for I heard that he was dead. I concluded to try and take care of him. Cooked him some rice and it tasted good to him. In the afternoon a shower was coming on, & up he came and asked for shelter, which we gave him. He was in good cheer and I felt encouraged. He stayed here all the time, but did not sleep much. The weather was very hot and oppressive. I felt very well for me. O when will we get out of this? I want to see my friends.

Friday, August 12, 1864. — Made some rice soup for Emery, which he ate and liked, but he seemed to be worse after it, and he lay quiet until afternoon, when he was taken worse and was pressed for breath. He ate no supper, and continued to fail. I was very sick all night, vomiting. I asked him towards morning if he felt as though he could stand it long. He said "No." I asked him if he had any word to send to his folks. He said "No," and I left him. Things go the same as ever, no parole yet, and all our comfort is in Hope. How I long, long, long to see our lines!

Saturday, August 13, 1864. — Found Emery worse. Laid him on his coat and saw he was dying. He passed to the

Higher Life about seven o'clock and was carried out and buried with the rest of the Union prisoners. I was very sorry to see so good a man die in here. He was a firm friend, and would do anything for me, and I look for him in the bright Summer Land. I shall go to see his folks when I get home, and tell them the story. I am better, but God send us out of this Hell!

Sunday, August 14, 1864. — Things are very quiet. They say we are going out of this tomorrow. I can't see it. I made an agreement with Charles Mills, Co. C., that if we can get to the American House next month I will pay for the dinner, and if any time after, he will pay for it. How I long for that American House dinner! I will have it right straight through in style. Had some beans with no salt, rather rough. How I long for something but corn meal to eat!

Monday, August 15, 1864. — Today is the day for us to be paroled, but no signs of it yet, & my faith is growing less. It does seem as though we could not stand it much longer, but I am bound to try my best to live until I can get out of this bull-pen, for I want to see my folks at home. I have set out so much joy for me that I am sorry to die here, or stay here longer. — Fairman died this morning. Last evening he was quite smart. I never saw men slip off so easy as they do here. They die as easy as, as can be.

[Note. — Eleven pages of the diary, devoted to as many days, are now left wholly unwritten upon.]

Saturday, August 27, 1864. — This is a cool, beautiful morning. As Handy is very sick and probably won't survive long, there is another good man going to die in this

horrid place. He says he would like to live and go home to his family, and who would not? August has almost passed and not released us, still I am confident that next month must do something for us, for I am satisfied that the officers are paroled, & lots of the privates. . . . I long to see my folks.

Sunday, August 28, 1864.—[Blank.]

Monday, August 29, 1864.—Today at half past seven in the evening, passed George Handy to the Spirit Life. He was another one of my true friends, and always stood up for me. He, like Mr. Emery, leaves a wife and four children. He owned two blankets in the shanty. He was one of Dow's men, whose word was a bond. I don't write now, for this bull pen tells its own story.

[The pages for the next three days are blank.]

Friday, Sept. 2, 1864.—Today I have another sad duty to perform, and that is to record the death of Friend Jonas Learned. He was sick only since last Wednesday with the sore throat, but they say it is not diphtheria, and for the life of me I do not know what it was. He died very easy, said nothing of his friends, and was but a little out of his head during his whole sickness. I took his things, and will see them safe with his folks, in Oxford, N. Y. Perhaps I would not like to see my folks!

Saturday, Sept. 3, 1864.—Today passed another friend, (I speak as an acquaintance) Charles H. Parrish, Co. C., died this morning at four o'clock. He is from Lynn. We fixed our tent all over and it is much better. I think we are going out this month sure, and joy to the world when we are released! How I would like to see Dow and my folks. If

they get us out of this this month I am good for them, but if they keep us longer, I fear for myself. Joe L. died about 12, yesterday.

Sunday, Sept. 4, 1864.—Today I did more trading than I have since I have been in the stockade. After all the morning, I sold Emery's shoes for $1, then travelled all day & at last got hold of a very cheap one [?] & got it for 65 cts; it was worth $1. Got some vinegar and a pepper & made me what I have always craved. Got our beans in the morning and I ate hearty. Nat Brindley went to the hospital with the shakes, etc.

Monday, Sept. 5, 1864.—I have not been so hungry since I have been in the bull pen. Nothing for breakfast but a paltry plate of beans, & rations very late. I was so hungry as to be faint and weak. I went down to the ration team and got a handful of rice, and blistered my finger. We got a good ration of molasses, 15 spoonfuls. I ate all my rations for supper & have not a thing for breakfast tomorrow. I think this is big, not half enough to eat. When I get to London with Dow I guess we won't starve like this!

Tuesday, Sept. 6, 1864.—[Blank.]

Wednesday, Sept. 7, 1864.—Today I have felt quite elated, for 16 detachments have left this bull pen, & everybody says, & I expect, they are going for an exchange. But still I can't realize [it], until I see the little starry banner once more. Today I met with an accident that I was awful sorry for. I never felt so bad about anything. I lost my pocket book with my gold pen in it, that I prized, for Dow, Page, & I had used it for two years, a lock of John's hair, and some pretty pictures that Dow made. I want Dow to make me a

present of one when I see him, which I hope will be in two weeks.

Thursday, Sept. 8, 1864.—[Blank.]

Friday, Sept. 9, 1864.—Not a great many detachments went out today, yet they are taking them just as fast as they can find cars. It does look good, and still I can't fully realize it. No, I can't, when I get to our lines. It will be such a transition from Hell to Heaven that it will take a long time to realize our situation. I have not felt very well for a day. O dear, I would not be left here for $500. Money could never tempt me; no, not at all. In one week I hope to see the Stars & Stripes.

Saturday, Sept. 10, 1864.—Things are still very lively at night; they took out lots of Yanks. How I like to hear the old cars roll, for it portends a great deal. Holt has got a sore throat. I am afraid it may be bad. How I long for the Stars & Stripes! How I long to meet Dow! How I have missed him since I lost him, & how I will appreciate him when I find him! I shall abide by his wise counsel. My sisters and friends will not be forgotten either. I long for sister Mary's, for the fruit, and wholesome living.

Sunday, Sept. 11, 1864.—Things went about so-so. Holt's throat is worse. I am sorry for him. We are going to move down on the brow of the hill tomorrow; it will be much better for us. Lots of Yanks are still going out. Good! I like to see them go. How I want to see the old transports & Uncle Sam's hard-tack! I think the show is good for us to go soon. How encouraged I am to think the time is so near! If I ever get on free soil, I bet I will keep there forever!

Monday, Sept. 12, 1864.—Today I have the saddest to

record. Poor E. K. Holt's throat grew worse, and he could not eat anything, and towards night he was sensible that he could not live. He died about dusk, very hard indeed, choked to death. About an hour before he died he told me, if he did not live till morning, to carry his Bible to his father & tell him that he had read it through once, the New [Testament] twice, and the whole most through again, and give his love to his sisters and mother. — Got orders to be over to the gate immediately, for an exchange. Went over double-quick, forgot all my things, and lay there till morning.

Tuesday, Sept. 13, 1864. — Lay all day in the bull pen, & at night the Serg't. got us off in the first squad. He took me & Wilder & Nat, went to the depot, got two days [rations] of corn & pork, & started for, I suppose, our lines. Got about 4 miles when the train ran off and we had a bad smash-up. My car was badly broken, but the Powers that Be saved me. We stopped till morn on the bank, when after much fuss, we were taken to the bull pen. In the night I was taken very sick with the diarrhœa, & weakened down to nothing so that —

Wednesday, Sept. 14, 1864. — This morn I could hardly stand. Wilder carried my things for me, and by the help of a cane I got along a few rods. Got down to the depot, and could not walk. Got an ambulance and took me to the hospital. It is an awful nasty, lousy place, and I am disgusted. My diar. is very bad and will soon carry me off, if it is not checked, I am afraid. It is too bad, for I should hate to have my anticipations fail now, for they are so near their termination or beginning.

Thursday, Sept. 15, 1864. — Lay on my back all day. Eat not much, can't eat much; the corn bread I hate, & the rice I can't, for it goes directly through me. I have seen no doctors yet. The steward is a good fellow. I am lying in a tent on my rubber blanket, with an old Irishman next to me. Can't make him hear anything. He is most dead with the diar. The next is a Dutchman, most dead with scurvy. And then the tent and blankets are just as full of lice and fleas as ever can be. As things look now, I stand a good chance to lay my bones in old Ga., but I 'd hate to as bad as one can, for I want to go home.

[This is the last entry in the diary, though the writer's strong vitality endured until September 25. He is buried at Andersonville in grave number 9735.]

The Bradley Bugle

1864 – June 16 – 1909

APPENDIX

APPENDIX A

THE NAMES OF THOSE PRESENT AT THE EXERCISES OF DEDICATION AND REMINISCENCE ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY BY COMPANIES

COMPANY A

George H. Boyd, Holden; Luther Wait, Ipswich.

COMPANY B

William Allen, Methuen; Joseph Arnold, Boston; J. Payson Bradley, Boston; Joseph E. Buswell, Methuen; Albert L. Dame, South Hanson; William R. Griffin, Brockton; John Lahey, Stoneham; Sidney Poore, Methuen; J. Henry Reynolds, Lawrence; Henry C. Richardson, Woburn; Charles M. Sawyer, Methuen; Rufus M. Turple, East Weymouth.

COMPANY C

Joseph W. Bray, Gloucester; Henry R. Dalton, Boston; Howard P. Gardner, Marblehead; Henry M. Hawkins, Dorchester; Horace Parker, Lynn; Marcus M. Pool, Randolph.

COMPANY D

Wm. H. Burchstead, Beverly; Samuel M. Dalton, Peabody; Frank E. Farnham, Peabody; George P. Ferguson, Salem; John C. Foote, Peabody; Isaac E. Frye, Danvers; Charles H. Masury, Danvers; George P. Melcher, Salem; Benjamin C. Nichols, Salem; George F. Perkins, Salem; Charles A. Potter, Salem.

COMPANY E

William E. W. Hamilton, Marlborough; Charles H. Shaw, Cambridge.

COMPANY F

George S. Gibson, Clinton; Edson F. Hodge, Milford; George W. Lewis, Melrose Highlands; William M. Lunt, Groton; William Sharrock, Lawrence; Henry Smith, Portsmouth, N. H.; John Smith, Lawrence; Thomas V. Thornton, Riverside, R. I.

COMPANY G

Alonzo D. Buxton, Salem; Nathan B. M. Ingalls, Lynn; Frank McGee, Marblehead; John H. Purbeck, Salem; Peter D. Smith, Andover; John I. Tucker, Marblehead.

COMPANY H

George B. Clark, Somerville; Albert Goldsmith, Lawrence; Lewis G. Holt, Lawrence; Wyman D.

Hussey, Lowell; E. Kendall Jenkins, Andover; Charles H. Poor, North Andover; Ziba M. Saunders, Reading.

COMPANY I

George H. Abbott, Peabody; John W. Brownville, Gloucester; John F. Dudley, Beverly; John Metzger, Danvers; Ira F. Trask, Danvers; Sylvanus F. Treat, Cohasset.

COMPANY K

John Chard, Brookline; Sylvester C. Frost, Arlington; Charles W. Hunter, Peterboro, N. H.; Hiram W. Jones, Concord; James N. Learned, Rumney Depot, N. H.; Henry C. McDuffie, Bellows Falls, Vt.; William H. Merrow, Lawrence; Judson Riley, Merrimac; John E. Sheehan, Lawrence; George F. Tibbets, Arlington; Lucius A. Wilder, Goshen, Ind.

COMPANY L

William A. Croak, Randolph; Stanley B. Dearborn, Wakefield; John W. Hart, Salem; William H. Lord, Hingham; William J. Mansfield, Wakefield; Edwin F. Spofford, Malden; John F. Whipple, Salem; Ira P. Willard, Ipswich; Joseph E. Wiley, Stoneham.

COMPANY M

Richard Alley, Lynn; James P. Bachelder, Lynn; James C. Collins, Skowhegan, Me.; William Har-

rington, East Weymouth; Joseph W. Hayden, Quincy; Charles H. Newhall, Lynn; Patrick O'Malley, Somerville; Herbert W. Parrott, Lynn.

NAMES OF MEMBERS OF OLD CONCORD POST, NO. 180, G. A. R.

Who formed the Escort, June 16, 1909.

George F. Wheeler, Commander.

Edward J. Bartlett; Frank E. Bemis; Cyrus W. Benjamin; George W. Berry; G. M. Bowker; John Brown; James W. Carter; John Clarity; George B. Cunningham; Joseph Derby; Louis H. George; George F. Hall; Myrick L. Hatch; William H. Hunt; Asa Jacobs; Charles H. Johnson; Patrick Keefe; Charles D. Litchfield; John H. Loring; Andrew R. Maker; Edward H. Maker; Joseph H. Orendorff; Edward W. Reynolds; John Tasker; Hiram P. Worthley.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN POST, NO. 11, CHARLESTOWN

Edwin Chapman.

G. B. PATTEN POST, NO. 81, WATERTOWN

William H. Benjamin.

APPENDIX B

A SKETCH OF THE FIRST MASSACHUSETTS HEAVY ARTILLERY

In the early summer of 1861, there was raised in Essex County an organization which, after reporting at Fort Warren, June 25, was designated as the Fourteenth Regiment of Infantry, and as such was mustered into the United States service, July 5. The first Colonel was William B. Greene, who had been educated at West Point, though he was not a graduate. Under his direction a high degree of efficiency in drill was attained, so that on leaving Boston, August 7, 1861, the regiment was far better prepared than the majority of volunteer organizations when departing for the theatre of war.

Its orders on leaving Massachusetts were to report at Harper's Ferry, but in Baltimore these were countermanded, and the regiment proceeded to Washington. Its first camp was at Kalorama, on Meridian Heights, but it was soon ordered to Fort Albany, on the Virginia side of the Potomac. Proving exceedingly efficient in garrison duty, the Fourteenth continued in the forts and batteries near and to the southward of the western terminal of the Long Bridge through the remainder of the year. January 1, 1862, a reorganization was effected, the regiment was

recruited up to the Heavy Artillery standard, and two new companies were added.

Under a new designation, viz., the First Heavy Artillery, it continued in garrison duty until August 25, 1862, when it moved to the front and was present, though it did not participate, in the Second Bull Run fight. However, in its reserve position, it was attacked by the hostile cavalry, and the surgical staff with certain wagoners was captured, though the officers and men were soon released or paroled. Subsequently, garrison service was performed, either opposite Washington or by a detachment at Maryland Heights, across the Potomac from Harper's Ferry, there putting in order the guns dismounted by order of Colonel Dixon S. Miles at the time of the famous surrender just before Antietam.

During the year, Colonel Greene resigned and was succeeded by Colonel Thomas R. Tannatt, who was transferred from the command of the Sixteenth Massachusetts Infantry, December 28, 1862. Colonel Tannatt was a West Pointer, having been graduated in 1854, number 7 in a class of twenty-seven members, no one of whom attained great distinction during the war, though of the first seven all, save numbers 1 and 7, went into the Confederate service. During much of the time that the regiment remained in the Defenses, Colonel Tannatt was in command of the brigade which included his own regiment.

When General Grant assumed command in the East, he proceeded to utilize the well-drilled troops thus far remaining near Washington, in this way reinforcing the Army of the Potomac with forty thousand extremely well-

drilled soldiers. It was May 15, 1864, that the First Heavy Artillery, acting as Infantry, moved out of the intrenchments so long occupied and reported in Alexandria, going thence in transports to Belle Plain Landing on Potomac Creek and joining the Army on the 17th. Assigned to the Second Brigade, Third Division of the Second Corps, it soon was introduced to all the exactions of active campaigning.

Its baptism of blood was received on the 19th at Harris's Farm or Fredericksburg Pike, Fox making the loss of killed and mortally wounded one hundred and twenty men and officers. It was in the foremost of all subsequent engagements of its Corps and Division, bearing on its battle flag the names of Winchester, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Totopotomy, Cold Harbor, Deep Bottom, Poplar Spring Church, Boydton Road, Petersburg (three engagements), Jerusalem Road, Vaughn Road, the Final Assault on Petersburg, besides being present at Maryland Heights, Strawberry Plain, Hatcher's Run, Sailor's Creek, Farmville, and Appomattox.

The regimental loss in battle was such that the name of the First Heavy is found no less than seven times in Fox's famous compilation of regimental records during the Rebellion. There we find that there were nine officers and 232 men killed or mortally wounded, while 243 more died of disease or in rebel prisons, no less than 102 men thus perishing miserably yet gloriously in the hands of the enemy. Nowhere did this Massachusetts organization give other than a good account of itself, fully sustaining the reputation that the Bay State long ago established.

Having largely reënlisted, the First retained its organization (though reduced to a battalion of four companies), and after Appomattox resumed garrison duty in the Defenses, remaining there until mustered out. Colonel Tannatt having resigned July 15, 1864, he was succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel Levi P. Wright, who was in turn followed by Lieutenant-Colonel Nathaniel Shatswell, who came home with the regiment. The command was ordered to Massachusetts on the 17th of August, 1865, for muster out. Reporting in Boston on the 20th, it encamped on Gallop's Island until the 25th, when after four years and two months of service it was mustered out. From first to last, there were borne on the rolls of the regiment 3439 names. To-day, the records of the veteran organization show only about five hundred men known to be alive.

APPENDIX C

THE MORTALITY AT ANDERSONVILLE

It chanced that James C. Melvin was one of the Union soldiers guarding the Confederate prisoners at Fort Delaware during part of the time that his brother Samuel was a prisoner at Andersonville. This coincidence has suggested a comparison of the mortality rates in the two prisons at that time, and the striking results are worth setting down here.

In the months of June, July, August, and September, 1864, there were on an average 9224 Confederate prisoners confined at Fort Delaware, and during that time there were 313 deaths, or 3.39 per cent. In the same months there were on an average 25,241 Union prisoners at Andersonville, and there were during that time 8636 deaths, or 34.21 per cent.

A report for the month of August, 1864, signed by Henry Wirz, shows that on August 1 the number of prisoners was 31,678. In the course of the month 2993 died. "Perhaps 25 escaped during the month," the report adds, "but were taken up by the dogs."

It is a melancholy fact that more Union soldiers perished at Andersonville than were killed on the six most bloody battlefields of the war. The total deaths at Andersonville

are reported as 13,714. The numbers of Union men killed in the six battles referred to were as follows: —

Gettysburg	3070
Spottsylvania	2725
The Wilderness	2246
Shiloh	1754
Stone's River	1730
Chickamauga	1656
	13,181

A great deal has been said and written about the conditions that prevailed at Andersonville, and that led to the awful loss of life there. In view of some of the almost incredible entries in Samuel Melvin's diary, it seems well to add here a few statements from Confederate sources. It will be noted that the first quotation relates to the prison, the second to the hospital.

The following is taken from the Official Report of Lieutenant-Colonel D. T. Chandler to the Richmond authorities, dated August 5, 1864. " . . . The sanitary condition of the prisoners is as wretched as can be, the principal causes of mortality being scurvy and chronic diarrhœa. Nothing seems to have been done, and but little if any effort made to arrest it by procuring proper food. . . . Raw rations are issued to a very large proportion. . . . No soap or clothing has ever been issued. . . . My duty requires me respectfully to recommend a change in the officer in command of the post, Brigadier-General J. H. Winder, and the substitution in his place of some one who unites both energy and good judgment with some feeling of humanity and consideration for the welfare and comfort (so far as is

consistent with their safe-keeping) of the vast number of unfortunates placed under his control; some one who at least will not advocate deliberately and in cold blood the propriety of leaving them in their present condition until their number has been sufficiently reduced by death to make the present arrangement suffice for their accommodation; who will not consider it a matter of self-laudation and boasting that he has never been inside of the stockade, a place the horrors of which it is difficult to describe, and which *is a disgrace to civilization;*[1] the condition of which he might, by the exercise of a little energy and judgment, even with the limited means at his command, have considerably improved. . . ."

A month later, September 5, J. Crews Pelot, Assistant Surgeon, C. S. A., reported thus on the condition of the hospital: " . . . I would earnestly call attention to the article of diet. The corn-bread received from the bakery, being made up without sifting, is wholly unfit for the use of the sick; and often (in the last twenty-four hours) upon examination, the inner portion is found to be perfectly raw. The meat (beef) received by the patients does not amount to over two ounces a day, and for the past three or four days no flour has been issued. The corn-bread cannot be eaten by many, for to do so would be to increase the diseases of the bowels, from which a large majority are suffering, and it is therefore thrown away. All their rations received by way of sustenance is two ounces of boiled beef and half pint of rice soup per day. Under these circumstances, all the skill that can be brought to bear upon their cases by the medical

[1] The italics are not in the original.

officer will avail nothing. Another point to which I feel it my duty to call your attention is the deficiency of medicines. We have but little more than indigenous barks and roots with which to treat the numerous forms of disease to which our attention is daily called. For the treatment of wounds, ulcers, etc., we have literally nothing except water. Our wards — some of them — are filled with gangrene, and we are compelled to fold our arms and look quietly upon its ravages, not even having stimulants to support the system under its depressing influences, this article being so limited in supply that it can only be issued for cases under the knife. I would respectfully call your attention to the above facts, in the hope that something may be done to alleviate the sufferings of the sick. . . ."

SEP 19 1910

JAMES C. MELVIN,
88 CLINTON ST.,
BOSTON, MASS.

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